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Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 457.

APRIL 9, 1859.

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**TESTIMONIAL to the late WILLIAM WEIR,** Editor of the *Daily News*.—The many spontaneous public manifestations of regret which were called forth by the announcement of the death of Mr. Weir have been followed by numerous expressions of a wish that an opportunity of participating in some TRIBUTE to his MEMORY were given to the large numbers of those who appreciate his public virtues. In the communications made to his more immediate friends it has been urged that his service to society, in almost every department of literature, in the defence of popular rights, at first as an advocate, and subsequently through the press, in the great movement which resulted in the establishment of Free Trade, of which he was one of the most ardent and effective champions; and that the lofty integrity which he displayed as a journalist, and his constant devoted labours in the cause of freedom and progress, ought not to be allowed to pass into the general history of our times without some special recognition by the public for which he lived and worked.

Sharing this conviction, and stimulated by the expression of these desires, the gentlemen whose names are subscribed have armed themselves into a committee to give effect to the general wish. They have done so with no intention of pledging themselves or others to any opinion on those disputed points of political policy with which Mr. Weir's name has been associated, but simply to commemorate the eminent qualities of the journalist, to which the principal organs of public opinion—and first and chiefest the *Times*—have lately borne a generous and ungrudging testimony. After full consideration and inquiry, it has been resolved that the testimonial shall be of a nature to assure the lot and enlarge the narrow means of those with whom Mr. Weir—cut off in the midst of his career—had hoped to spend the tranquil evening of his days.

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12th February, 1859.—H.E. The Minister of the Netherlands has notified to the President and Council of the Royal Academy that an EXHIBITION of the FINE ARTS will be held at the HAGUE in May next, to which the Artists of the United Kingdom are invited to contribute their Works.

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## THE CRITIC.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**O**BEDIENT TO THE OLD CHIVALRIC MOTTO, "Place aux dames!" we give precedence to the following communication from Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to some statements in the CRITIC of April 2, which seem to require remark—not on my account, but for the sake of the truth as it concerns some other persons. At pp. 321, 322, it is said that I was "a principal contributor" to *Household Words* from its commencement; and that I quarrelled with my "old friend," Mr. Dickens, and withdrew from his journal "upon no other ground than that Mr. Dickens had censured the millowners for neglecting to fence their machinery." All these statements are erroneous. I did not contribute to *Household Words* "from the first;" I never was a "principal contributor;" I never had the advantage of more than the slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, who was never therefore my "old friend;" I have never "quarrelled with Mr. Dickens;" I withdrew from *Household Words* a year and a half before the disgraceful attack on the mill-owners appeared in it; and my withdrawal was for a reason which bore no relation to any views of Mr. Dickens's on economical or social subjects.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Ambleside, April 5th, 1859.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In justice to ourselves, we can but say that, with regard to the phrase "principal contributor," it had reference to the rank which Miss MARTINEAU must ever hold among the contributors with whom she works. She is fairly entitled to be considered one of the "principal" contributors to every publication that she enriches with her pen. Then, again, as to having contributed "from the first;" we did not mean by that necessarily to imply that she wrote in the first number. All that was meant was that at an early period of its existence *Miss MARTINEAU* was believed, by those who had opportunities for knowing, to be a contributor. To *Household Words*. The gravamen of the matter appears, however, to lie in the phrase "old friend," and here we beg to assure Miss MARTINEAU that we never presumed to gauge the exact amount of friendship existing between her and the gentleman in question; and when we used the term it was under the natural influence that at the time when those two writers (who have, according to our belief, both worked honestly and conscientiously in their several and very different ways, to the promotion of the same ends in many respects) were avowedly and in the knowledge of the world bound by a bond of literary union, some amount of friendship did exist between them. This, at any rate, we know, that when Miss MARTINEAU replied with her pamphlet to Mr. DICKENS'S "Hard Times," she used language of precisely that degree of strength which only friends when they quarrel are ever known to use.

Corrections and contradictions appear to be the order of the day. Our respected and useful contemporary the *Publishers' Circular*, says curtly: "We have authority to contradict the statement that appeared last week in the CRITIC relative to an agreement between Mr. THACKERAY and MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, and Co." What does this mean? We certainly did refer to the existence of such a report; but only to avow our belief in its inaccuracy. Does the *Publishers' Circular* intend to imply that there is any truth in the rumour?

The *Nouvelliste de Rouen* prints the following unpublished letter of CORNEILLE, which, it says, M. GUSTAVE MASSON lately discovered in the MSS. department of the British Museum. The note is addressed to M. J. DE ROTROU, at Dreux:

A Rouen, ce 14 juillet, 1637.

La raison, mon cher amy, n'a jamais eu d'énergie, ni sur les forts ni sur les sots, et voilà juste pourquoi elle peut estre d'usage quelque peu pour les gens sensés. Ayant l'approbation de ceux-ci et la vostre, qui est tout ce que je souhaite, je ne dois donc éprouver aucune peine des extravagances que débiteront les premiers. L'envie peut encore aller se joindre à eux sans que j'aye pour cela le moindre soucy. Si le "Cid" est jugé par l'académie, et s'il est jugé avec impartialité, quel que soit son jugement, je ne dois voir en cette intention qu'une entreprise qui m'honore: mais j'ay bonne raison, je vous assure, mon amy, de craindre que cet aréopage ne se laisse influencer par celuy qui les a fait ce qui sont [sic]. Ne croyez pas que Chapelain et Sirmon se dédient. Ils sont trop près de leur maître pour penser autrement que luy. Enfin, je vous promets que je suis encore moins occupé de ma pièce que d'apprendre ce que vous faites. M. Jourdy m'a conté les plus belles choses de son voyage de Dreux, et me donne envie de venir vous voir dans votre belle famille; mais c'est un plaisir que je ne sçauray avoir encore de longtemps, vu que je veux vous montrer une nouvelle pièce qui est loin d'estre finie. Adieu, mon cher amy, mandez-moi de vos nouvelles plus souvent, et croyez que vous me comblez de joye quand je reçois des vostres.

CORNEILLE.

The following is a translation of this curious epistle:

At Rouen, this 14 July, 1637.

Reason, my dear friend, has never had much power, either over the mighty or over the stupid; but this is just why, perhaps, it may be of some little use to sensible people. Having the approbation of the latter, as also yours, which is all I wish for, I shall not be much troubled by the extravagances spread by the first. Even if envy were to go and join them, I should not be much troubled. If the "Cid" is judged by the Academy, and judged impartially, whatever the decision may be, I shall see in it only an honour: however, I assure you, my friend, I have good reason for fearing that this Areopagus will be influenced by the one who made them what are. Do not believe that Chapelain and Sirmon will back out. They are too near their master to think otherwise than he. Finally, I must tell you that I am less eager about my piece than about news from you. M. Jourdy has told me some charming things about his journey to Dreux, and made me wish to see you within your dear family; but this is a pleasure which I cannot have for some time yet, as I am going to show

you a new work which is far from being finished. Farewell, my dear friend, and let me hear from you as often as possible. Believe me that your letters always fill me with joy.

CORNEILLE.

Great poets, we all know, are not always good grammarians, a fact of which we have a new proof in this letter. The "Areopagus," and the concluding "made them what are" (*le a fait ce qui sont*) are singularly characteristic of CORNEILLE.

A reprint of the first four editions of the "Divina Commedia" of DANTE has just made its appearance in the shape of a handsome volume, privately printed by the Messrs. BOONE, at the expense of Lord VERNON, and under the superintendence of Mr. PANIZZI, who has prefixed to it a highly interesting bibliographical preface. These early editions of DANTE were published at Foligno, Jesi, Mantua, and Naples respectively. The editions of Foligno and Jesi both appeared in the year 1472; that of Mantua bears the same date, and may have been published earlier even than the Foligno edition, which passes for being the *editio princeps*, while that of Naples, which is without date, could not have been published, according to Mr. PANIZZI, before 1475. All these editions are of such excessive rarity that bibliophiles in general, and *Dantophiles* in particular, will, doubtless, feel themselves much indebted to the munificence of Lord VERNON for having reprinted them in this highly convenient form.

A new edition of the Russian Imperial Code has just been published in fifteen volumes, a copy of which, handsomely bound, having been presented by the Russian Government to the Foreign Office, is now deposited in the Library of the British Museum.

Our Canadian Government has published a collection of the several Jesuit "Relations" concerning the missions in Canada, or "New France," as it was called in the seventeenth century. This work is in three volumes, handsomely printed, but not on the best paper, and is entitled "Relations des Jésuites contenant ce qui s'est passé de plus remarquable dans les Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans la Nouvelle-France." Quebec: A. Cote. The "Relations" extend from 1611 to 1672, and are highly interesting.

**THE SALE OF THE LIBRI MSS.** terminated on Tuesday last, the proceeds therefrom having amounted to 6,515*l*. This, we believe, was considerably in excess of the sum anticipated, and is most satisfactory evidence of the increasing interest awakened in regard to these venerable monuments of mediæval industry and learning. So pleasant, indeed, is it to observe that these early MSS., the very basis and material of all authentic history, are at length estimated at their proper worth, that at the first glance it seems impossible to believe there can be any dark side to the picture—any just ground for regretting a state of things so seemingly desirable. One drawback, however, there is, and that, too, of a very serious nature. The high prices given by private collectors render it impossible for the keepers of our public libraries, with only a slender Treasury grant in their hands, to secure the better class of MSS. for the great national collections; and it is but too well known in the literary world that only in exceptional instances is it possible to procure admittance to the jealously guarded treasures of private libraries. Now and then, as when the Stowe collection was in the possession of its former noble owner, access is liberally accorded to the student and antiquary; but too often the narrow and mistaken belief that publicity or publication might injure the worth of a manuscript—in some cases, mere spleen—dictates the ungenerous and selfish policy of locking up these treasures from the world, and disallowing the scholar the smallest opportunity of consulting works which may be absolutely indispensable to the elucidation of his researches.

In the present instance, various MSS. which we had anxiously hoped might have been secured for the Library of the British Museum or the Bodleian, we regret to find doomed to take up their dark and unapproachable abodes on the bookshelves or in the store-rooms of private owners, to which men, anxious and competent to consult them, may beg—but, in all likelihood, beg vainly—for admittance.

This, as we say, is a serious matter, and one which, on a future occasion, we intend to bring more prominently before our readers; meanwhile we proceed to state, in regard to the more high-priced MSS., the result of the last four days' sale:

- Lot 619. Longuion, Jacques de, Le Voue de Paonne, or Vow of the Peacock; an unpublished poetical romance of chivalry, of more than 4,000 lines; curious for the insight it affords into the manners of chivalry in the XIII. cent. Vellum. XIV. cent. 58*l*.
- Lot 623. Lucani Pharsalia; a manuscript written on vellum in the XIII. cent., and formerly belonging to the Carmelite Congregation of St. Paul at Ferrara. 20*l*. 10*s*.
- Lot 626. Lucretii, de Rerum Natura Libri VI.; a beautifully written Italian MS. on vellum, as we judge, of the XV. cent., containing some various readings of value. 62*l*.
- Lot 626. Ludovici Pissimi Augusti Epistola ad Hilduinum Abbatem; Hilduini ad Chludonicum Augustum Responsis; Hilduini Areopagitica. Vellum. IX. cent. 40*l*. 19*s*.
- Lot 661. Martialis de Spectaculis Libellus et Epigrammata. XV. cent. 16*l*.
- Lot 664. Mathematica; a MS. written during the XIV. cent. by an English scribe, and supposed to contain the course of mathematics as used in Oxford University at the time when written. 30*l*.
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- Lot 748. *Otloh Monachi Vita S. Wolfkangi Episcopi Ratisbonensis.* XI. cent. On vellum. 247. 3s.
- Lot 749. *Ovidii Nasonis de Artibus Amoris Libellus; de Remedio Amorum Libri duo; Medicata Facies; Culex; Elegiæ, et Nux.* XV. cent. Vellum. 457. 10s.
- Lot 751. *Ovidii Nasonis Fasti; Tristia; Pontus; Ibis; Nux; Philomena; et Libri de Cuculo, de Pulice, de Medicamine Faciei, et de Medicamine Aurium.* XV. cent. Vellum. 507. 10s.
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- Lot 784. *Petrarca* (Francesco) *Rime.*—Canzoni distese del chiarissimo Poeta Dante Allighieri di Firenzi. XIV. cent. Vellum. This beautiful little volume, to our mind the gem of the whole collection, formerly belonged to the Abate Ughelli, the celebrated author of the "Italia Sacra." It sold for 2507.
- Lot 785. *Petrarcha* (Francesco) *Trionfi, Sonetti, e Canzoni.* XV. cent. Vellum. 787.
- Lot 786. Another copy of the *Trionfi.* XV. cent. Vellum. 317. 10s.
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- Lot 792. *Petri Blesensis Epistolæ.* XII.-XIII. cent. Vellum. 137.
- Lot 804. *Platonis Timæus, interprete Chalcidio, cum ejusdem Commentario.* XII. cent. Vellum. 87. 8s.
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- Lot 827. *Portulano, a collection of seven very early and large maps, drawn shortly after the discovery of America; illuminated, on vellum, in gold and colours.* On the last chart is written "Joham Freire a fez era de 46." This Joham Freire has not been identified. 917.
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- Lot 1130. *Gregorii Nazianzeni Opuscula Varia Græcæ.* XII. cent. 317. 10s.
- Lot 1142. *Leibniti, Godefridi Gulielmi, Epistolæ Autographæ LXXXIV.* ad J. A. Schmidt, Abbatem de Marienthal et Professorem Theologiæ Helmstadii, 1696-1707. 427.

**NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.**—The first general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday afternoon, the chair being occupied by Hyde Clarke, Esq. The report of the Committee was read by the Secretary. It reminded the members that although the Society had been in existence only nine months, much had been done to establish it upon a firm basis. They refer with satisfaction to the list of presidents, vice-presidents, trustees, &c., whose names head the report, and whose acceptance of office has already been communicated to the members. They are: President—the Right Hon. Lord St. Leonards. Vice-Presidents—The Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst, the Right Hon. Lord Campbell, James Wilson, Esq., M.P., and C. W. Dilke, jun., Esq. Trustees—Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P., and E. G. Salisbury, Esq., M.P. The list of members now includes 105 names. The balance-sheet showed the amount of subscriptions received to be 987. 13s., and the amount of donations 387. 8s., making a total of 1377. 1s. The total expenditure was 677. 7s. 10d.; leaving a balance in hand of 697. 13s. 2d. Messrs. S. Carter Hall, Stirling Coyne, and Joseph Bee were unanimously elected to the Committee, and Mr. Edward Barrow was elected vice Mr. Macdermott. Mr. Matthew Cooke, Mr. D. Morier Evans, and Mr. James Lowe were elected auditors. The committee then recommended the adoption of the following new laws, which was unanimously agreed to:

To add, after Rule III., "That all persons who possessed at any former time the qualifications specified in Rule III., but who are not now eligible to become members of the association, and all persons having been members of the East India or Colonial Press, or who may have been engaged on English papers published abroad, shall be eligible as extra members of the Newspaper Press Fund; shall be elected in the same way as ordinary members; shall pay the like admission-fee and subscriptions, and shall be entitled to vote upon all questions, but shall not be qualified to recommend members of the associations, or to be members of the committee, or to receive any relief from the members' fund."

That there shall be two funds: one to consist of subscriptions and donations of members, and the contributions and donations of persons connected with the press and general literature, to be termed the "Provident Fund;" the other the contributions and donations of the public, to be termed the "Benevolent Fund."

That the "Provident Fund" shall be applicable to the relief of members in necessitous circumstances, and the widows and orphans of members; such relief to have reference to the state of the funds of the association, to the age of the applicant, to the time the member has belonged to the association, and to all the circumstances of the case.

That the "Benevolent Fund" shall be applicable to the relief of the widows and orphans of persons connected with the press, whether members of this association or not; and also to the relief of such extraordinary cases of persons connected with the press, whether members of the association or not, as may from time to time arise, and which the committee may deem it expedient to entertain.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### SCHEDER ON FAITH.

*The Emancipation of Faith.* By the late HENRY EDWARD SCHEDER, M.D. Two volumes. London: Trübner and Co.

**P**HILOSOPHERS AND THEOLOGICALS in England are so little disposed to diverge from the beaten track that this noble book will attract the attention neither of the theologians nor philosophers. But it will quickly and strongly draw toward it that small band of pious thinkers to which the author himself belonged—men to whom the arrogant pedantries of the schools and the harsh dogmatisms of creed are alike distasteful. Corresponding to the Church of the Invisible, there has always been in the community another church, distinguished by no name and held together by no organisation, whose silent, mighty work it is to leaven and transfigure the churches of the visible. The members of this church are not proselytisers; they do not seek to be schismatic or heretical; their spirit is ever that of peace; and the power they exert is through their saintliness, earnestness, elevation, and catholicity. In truth remote from the peculiar action of sects and the battles of heterodoxy and orthodoxy, there is a large realm of thought and emotion which belongs both to philosophy and religion, but specially to neither. Into that realm the author of this book entered with the natural air of a king to conquer and to rule; and what he regally gained is here with a regal generosity presented. We never heard of Scheder's name till these volumes came into our hands. But both by mind and character he must have towered far above the crowd.

Born in London rather more than fifty years ago, of a German father and an English mother, Henry Scheder went, when about

twenty, as a student of medicine to Paris. Here he led a life of immense industry, the fruits of which by-and-by appeared in treatises on diseases of the skin, on hydropathy, and on other subjects. His genius was bold and discursive; his inquiries indefatigable. One of those rare natures that acquire with prodigious facility and retain with adamant tenacity, speaking with equal ease the French, the English, and the German languages, he added to a vast erudition a no less vast acquaintance with the popular and the passing. Relief from the exhaustion of professional duty, from the monotony of scientific research, and from the pang of many private sorrows, he sought in travel. Paris was the centre of his studies and employments, but Italy, Germany, and England he had visited, sometimes for scientific or other purposes prolonging the visit into a residence of many months. Annually he accomplished a religious pilgrimage to Baden-Baden, where his wife is buried. In July, 1856, having sojourned at Baden-Baden and sundry other places, he arrived at Lucerne, with the project of scaling Mount Pilate. He set out to achieve this project one bright moonlight night. He was met by some labourers, who warned him that the road was dangerous, and advised him to take a guide. But, however unknown and perilous the path, a guide's services he would never accept. He was nimble, muscular, and, partly from temperament, partly perhaps from weariness of life, and from overwhelming melancholy, he despised fear. Next day, the 28th of July, his body was found hideously mangled. So much was he possessed by the presentiment of sudden death that at Paris he always had a paper about him on which were written his name and address, and a promise that whosoever should carry his body to his residence without depositing it at the Morgue should receive from his servant a



hundred francs. At the village of Hergiswil, on the margin of the lake, a brave one now tastes of the rest which had long been denied him.

Much of Schedel's latter years had been devoted to preparing the "Emancipation of Faith." He studied Arabic, Persian, Hebrew, and the different dialects of India; he explored the systems of ancient and modern philosophy in all their heights, depths, and divergences. The result of such enormous reading and of such painful thought is something which is more easy to recommend than to describe. The great object of the book is to show that faith has an independent and invulnerable existence. This is a thesis on which we have often enlarged, yet which we have never endeavoured to demonstrate in Schedel's fashion. His theory is, that God having revealed himself from the beginning as the Almighty, and by consequence as the Inconceivable, and the primeval revelation having been from time to time in stupendous modes renewed, the devout heart has to concern itself neither with the contradictions which appear in the universe nor with the results of the most daring physical and metaphysical investigations. He would, therefore, on the one hand, neither allow science to encroach on the territory of faith, nor, on the other hand, faith to interfere with the explorings and audacities of science. He ridicules the supposed necessity of vindicating the government of God. For what does the attempt to vindicate the government of God imply? That facts of faith are facts of science; that the infinitely inconceivable is the finitely conceivable. To such works as that of Paley on "Natural Theology," he would therefore object that they are either supererogatory or fallacious; supererogatory, if they strive to show that design indicates a designer; fallacious, if from the presence of design they deduce that the apparent contradictions in the universe are explained. In England, more than in any other country, this doctrine needs to be insisted on; a doctrine which has no essential novelty, but to the advocacy of which Schedel has brought marvellous faculties, and a potent fresh individuality. Compromises are the curse of England; and the compromise between faith and science is fatal to both. How it robs science of its freedom! How it silences faith's grand commanding voice, tears from faith its mystical beauty! Yet in the transaction the sacrifices of faith are real sacrifices, while those of science are chiefly seeming ones. The substantial loss is entirely on the side of faith. To the extent that its own liberty is abridged science dishonestly undermines. It offers lip-service to faith while conspiring against its most sacred claims. Hence an amount of insidious infidelity in England little suspected by those who make no excursions beyond the narrow circle of their sect. When that smouldering infidelity gathers to explosive force, and desolates society, whose the folly, and whose the fault? Surely the fault and folly of the men who placed their own infallibility higher than the infallibility of faith; and who grossly mistook the cardinal attributes of a revelation. Perhaps the wide range of meanings into which Protestantism can run is here for much. Protestantism sometimes signifies the right of inquiry in the broadest sense; sometimes, the right and duty of every man to find his religion in the Bible; sometimes, the dogma or dogmas which the Bible is supposed to promulgate; sometimes, the simple antagonism to Popery, and sometimes other things. Now, in the midst of these confusions and equivocations, the leading characteristics of a revelation have been wholly lost sight of. Apart from the natural and the supernatural, the orthodox and the heterodox, the divine reality of the Inconceivable remains. Admit this, and then, as regards authority, one Church cannot arrogate any advantage over another. Go from the most preposterous Ultramontanist to the most impatient, irreverent, inquisitorial Rationalist, the abyss of the Inconceivable remains equally dark, equally vast. Behold the true reply to the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church: this Church neither augments nor diminishes the sum of the Inconceivable. To map out from the general mass of the Inconceivable a score or two of incredibilities and call them mysteries, is to leave the sum of the Inconceivable unaffected. It would be absurd to recognise the mystery of mysteries—God, and yet bow down to as more astounding the mysteries which a Church monopolises.

Agreeing with the main idea and the main intention of Schedel's book, admiring its ingenuity, its modesty, its dignity, its impartiality, its charity, we yet cannot concur with him in rejecting the instinctive belief in a Deity. The point has no bearing on the leading argument; but it has an important bearing on the whole religious question. The most invincible witnessing against Atheism is the existence of the religious sentiment. Granting that there has been a primeval revelation, granting that it has at various seasons been renewed, granting that it can be renewed in future ages whenever God seeth fit, we cannot grant that in every case some kind of religious tradition has given birth to religious emotion. In every case the divine light may be needed, but the divine heat must have been there before it. Into terrible errors may the heat without the light lead; into the maddest excesses of cruelty and licentiousness. Those very errors and excesses prove its reality. To show that in this savage tribe or in that barbarous nation there is no adequate conception of God, is to show nothing. An adequate conception of God is a mere impossibility: it would be tantamount to conceiving the Inconceivable. Is there, or is there not, the spontaneous yearning toward the Unseen in souls the most darkened and debased? If there is, the dim or delusive notions accompanying the yearning may be lamented; but it is poor reasoning which would hold them as equivalent to the absence of the yearning itself. The religious sentiment can be fed with both good

food and bad food, with manna and with poison. Yet to deny its empire in the very centre of the human being would be to deny God's throne in the very centre of the universe. Unless man could, by the natural and unaided development of the religious principle attain to the vague phantasy of powers hidden in creation beyond the reach of the sensuous, he would be altogether incapable of religious growth. The temple is assuredly there, by whatsoever presence it is afterwards to be filled and irradiated.

This view confirms, instead of weakening, Schedel's system. If the religious sentiment, even in its lowest forms, worships exclusively the unknown, though little disposed in its rude state to distinguish between the known and the unknown, the presumption is that the unknown is its peculiar province. Science is not the prerogative and mark of civilisation; science is as old as faith. And the older science is the more it is accurate, as trusting more to observation, and as never misled by capricious classifications and by books made out of books. The mere presence of the religious sentiment, however, would not of itself be much; there must further be that for which Schedel expresses an extreme dislike—mysticism. Religion, besides being sentiment, and revelation, and faith, must be ecstasy. They who have held living and reverent commune with the sublime ideas of those gifted thinkers, among whom Plotinus was the chief, are aware how stupendously sphere after sphere in the progress toward perfection is depicted. Now these spheres are not all a dream. Wherever thought, and imagination, and emotion are completely identical, dreaming ends. It is because they are so rarely identical that we call him a dreamer who is richer in the things of God than ourselves. This notable fact has escaped Schedel's attention, or rather the constitution of his mind rendered him incapable of seeing it. He has given an analysis of primordial philosophical systems as acute, accurate, impartial, comprehensive, and popularly intelligible as can anywhere be found. But his repugnance to the metaphysical and the mystical brings down what is most admirable in his admirable work merely to a logical value. We thus miss poetic breadth, religious wealth, human reality, and divine truth. As a magnificent feat of ratiocination the book astounds us; but if it accomplishes the emancipation of faith, it does not render faith more living, which, in an age like this, is of such incomparably higher importance. Holding opinions kindred to those of Auguste Comte and of John Stuart Mill and the rest, a conscientious though modest and catholic champion of a Positive philosophy, he would yet through reason build a celestial palace for his own heart and for the hearts of his brethren beyond the control, beyond the assaults of reason. But reason can be ruler and architect in no realm except its own. Treat as delusions the religious enthusiasm by which all men at certain seasons are stirred, and the religious life in which a chosen few perennially and joyously abide, and faith becomes altogether a delusion. A writer, then, like John Stuart Mill, who lets faith alone and cleaves closely to his own province, is much more consistent than Schedel. Yet all the Positivists—Mill, who is perhaps the ablest of them, not excepted—commit the blunder of dragging the metaphysical into the logical, while treating the metaphysical as a foolish figment. What they refute and ridicule as metaphysical absurdities are logical absurdities of their own creating. Schedel presents us with a long extract from Mill on the subject of Liberty and Necessity. Against cold Materialists of the priestly stamp, against shallow Owenites, Mill has an easy triumph. But Mill being wholly a logician, though an exceedingly clever logician, has here uttered what the metaphysical brain and the religious breast would equally revolt against as false and sophistical.

Indeed it may be safely taken for granted that the logician as such is invariably sophistical and false. In so saying we do not accuse him of evil intention; we simply speak of an inevitable tendency. The logician discourseth of abstractions; he dealeth with abstractions alone. Now an abstraction has neither existence nor has it any relation to existence. It is a frightful ghastliness remote alike from the concrete and the ideal—with the latter of which it is often confounded. The concrete and the ideal are so far from being foes that the ideal is always based on the concrete. Metaphysics and religion join in assuring us, not that we are the slaves of fate, or the playthings of chance, but that the essential nature of God implies necessary growth and development. Against this, Mill, approved by Schedel, arrays subtle logical objections posterously inapplicable to a religious and metaphysical subject. Consider a human being purely as a bundle of abstractions, and of course it is not difficult to imagine him acting in a thousand possible ways, just as Mill thinks that things may happen at random in other parts of the universe, though order prevails in that part of the universe which is accessible to our observation. The metaphysician, however, and the believer clinging to the Rock of Ages, reject this mad commotion of possibilities. They behold the human being as an organic individuality bound by living links to a living creation; and in this living creation they cannot conceive a vast range of chaotic and unclaimed territory, where, amid countless phantoms, Hazard is the insane and solitary king. We may turn the weapons of the logicians against themselves. Where everything is possible, nothing is possible; and the hand that could not reclaim a chaos could not be strong enough to keep the chaos from bursting in on the cosmos. It is not willingly that we enter this logical desert; but Mill has a great name, and being followed by Schedel as an indisputable authority, it is right to show that the foremost of the

Positivists is always too acute to be profound, and that, from his lack of the intuitional, the impulsive, the imaginative, he can have no pregnant speech touching that empyrean where angels and archangels must bear us on their mighty wings.

The last grand word on metaphysics proper was uttered by Schelling who, according to Schedel himself, was after the widest and most courageous sweep of transcendentalism obliged to kneel down at the feet of Boehme. Nothing could have more convincingly proved the genius of Schelling. It is ever the instinct of genius to worship, and the more original it is the more it is disposed to believe that its divinest ideas have been better expressed than it can express them. In repeating, in reproducing Boehme, Schelling retained his originality. He expounded as a metaphysician what the other poured forth as a mystic. Just so much as is the superiority of the mystic over the metaphysician is the superiority of the metaphysician over the logician; and still nearer to God than the mystic who can breathe his adoring thought is the mystic who cannot breathe his crowding ecstasies even as the sweetest music and the richest poetry are the music and the poetry of our dreams. To him there is no inconceivable to whom there is no ineffable, and in every man the extent of the ineffable is the measure of the inconceivable. The introductory verses to the Gospel of Saint John among other holy and suggestive meanings have also this—that if there is a Word there is also a Wordless, and that the Wordless is to the Word as the ocean to the fountain.

Deeply as we are penetrated by the significance of mysticism, we wish to avoid all mystical cant. False mystics abound, and when we have entered into converse with them, we have discovered that in their heart they were either visionaries or Rationalists. But at the risk of being confounded with the false mystics we emphatically proclaim that we see no way out of existing apathy and embroilment except through mysticism. That primeval revelation on which Schedel insists continually, tends to degenerate into the formally traditional; and the formally traditional is as bad as the frigidly logical. As God is the mystery of mysteries, so the miracle of miracles is God's dealing with the individual soul. Whatever revelations may come from without, whatever revelations may stream down from age to age, how vain and sterile are they unless God by what is called grace unveil himself to the glad and grateful heart of the believer! Is it not the inner revelation which makes every other revelation fruitful? Is not evermore the kingdom of God within a man? Yet evermore is there not a foolish longing for obstreperous testimonies to what we have the witness of far down in our own nature? We fight the battle of faith then with different weapons from those of Schedel, and as we conceive with more potent weapons. The scoffer and the sceptic we do not meet with a host of evidences: we point to men's sympathy with the unseen; to the treasures of love, of heroism, and of devotion in his bosom. We do not say that man has these things in his bosom through a series of historical revelations, but that, if spiritually and not too literally interpreted, the historical revelations must be true because these things are in man's bosom—in the bosom even of the scoffer and the sceptic. The God of the past must be the God of the present, and we must be able to trace him in the past by harmonies, vitalities, inspirations common to the present and the past. The God of the past is so dead to mankind because they will not permit their spirit to throb to the throbbings of his spirit now. The contest is really—and that is the misfortune—between the faith of the past and the science of the present. Science marches; faith stands still, or rather goes back. It is not therefore science which defeats faith; it is faith which defeats itself. The multitude and their leaders in these days seem to think that faith cannot march without going in a latitudinarian direction; to prevent it from marching they tell it that it is sick, and tie it to the bed of the invalid. But if faith is earnest it can never be latitudinarian; so that those who tie faith to the invalid's bed confess that they are not earnest themselves. To create earnestness, after we have raised up faith from the bed of the invalid, our appeal must be to the conscience and consciousness of the individual. It is thus that every reformation has begun. Once thoroughly roused, the community will not stop to concern itself with the quarrel between science or faith, or to inquire whether there is a quarrel. We urge those who are afraid of geology to read Schedel's book, though without reference either to science or faith, the work amply merits perusal for its own sake. But we foresee at no distant time a religious upheaval and a religious overflow, when the respective excellences of faith and science will not for an instant be regarded. Science is a small affair compared to religion; and if science has not been able to slay poetry, ought religion, which is so much diviner than poetry, to dread its attacks? It dreads them not, however ye, its timid or hollow friends, may dread. The world's despair is the world's salvation; the world's darkness is the season of God's shining. The primeval revelation speaking by the mouth of prophets and apostles is about to be renewed; and the Inner Revelation, speaking by the grace of God, is, as in long-vanished centuries, nourishing in thousands of hearts the joyous presentiment of society's holy transformation. How poor to such hearts seems all this noisy jargon about faith and science! They turn away from it to breathe a childlike prayer to their Father in Heaven, or to heal the sick, to relieve the needy, and to console the suffering on earth. Let us go and do likewise.

ATTICUS.

#### THE ART OF DINING.

*The Hand-book of Dining, or How to Dine, Theoretically, Practically, and Theoretically considered. Based chiefly upon the "Physiologie Gout" of Brillat-Savarin. By LEONARD FRANCIS SIMPSON. London: Longmans. pp. 244.*

*Hints for the Table, or the Economy of Good Living; with a Few Words on Wines. London: Kent and Co. pp. 184.*

TO ANY ONE NOT ACCUSTOMED to the pertinacity and seriousness with which any subject that chances to find its way to the surface is debated in England, the correspondence on the great dinner question, and the articles which were evoked by that controversy must have been a phenomenon not easy to be accounted for. That the entire English press, led on by what is justly termed the leading organ of public opinion, should busy itself as to whether a turbot and haunch of mutton are proper food for a gentleman, and whether it is better to serve the dishes entire or otherwise, with many issues of minor importance affecting table-cloths, Parian statuettes, moss-roses, and melons, is a fact somewhat remarkable to those who have not studied the gravity of purpose with which an Englishman addresses himself to the task of blowing soap-bubbles. That there is necessarily a dull season of the journalistic year, and that those whose province it is to make up the daily tale of bricks are occasionally fain to substitute a little chaff for good straw, is not sufficient to account for the fact. Such questions as, How to live on three hundred a year? whether water-carts ought to lay the dust of Westminster? how far the penny to the waiter is justifiable? ought nursemaids to flirt with the Grenadier Guards?—would be offered in vain for discussion, and "Habitans in Sieco," "S. G. O." and "Jacob Omnium," might write their pens to the stumps were it not that there exist a real craving for such subjects, and a real taste for discussing them. The fact is that there is an almost universal fondness for busying ourselves about our neighbours' affairs, and indulging in sly confidences as to our own. The man who cares nothing about the intentions of the Emperor of Russia or the proceedings of a diplomatic congress, will sit at the window all day to count the rush-bottom chairs and painted washstands which a removal next door exposes to his scrutiny. Perhaps your real man of business is the most fond of this kind of trifling; for your idler by profession soon grows nice in his choice of frivolities, and is not to be diverted from his steady course of killing time by any chance matter that comes across him. It is thought by some that when these trivial subjects are started in the *Times*, there are men whose task it is to sit in some remote corner of the office and feed the debate with the contributions of "Constant Readers," and the like. We do not believe it. It is our belief, on the contrary, that when anything of this kind turns up, the correspondents who spring up myriad-headed, a very small portion of whose lucubrations find their way to the printer, and a very large one to the waste-paper basket of the sub-editor, are real *bona fide* persons, who write for the mere love of dealing with such topics, and because they really believe that they have something of value to impart.

Now, we do not mean to deny that a considerable amount of useful matter was produced by the debate on the dinner question; and if some scandal was created by the fact that it jostled in the columns of the *Times* with a number of heart-rending facts connected with the destitution of the homeless poor, that must be regarded as an accident, involving rather a question of tact and taste on the part of the sub-editor than anything else. No doubt it was not a particularly new complaint that dinners and dinner-giving are not quite so well understood in this country as they might be, and that there is an adhesion to one routine form, which proceeds partly from indifference about the matter, and partly from ignorance. These evils are, however, not to be written down by any other process than that slowly corrective one by which all matters of taste are in the end adjusted—the educational one. It is to be presumed that the reason why turbot and saddle of mutton form the staple of a London dinner in the neighbourhood of Bedford-square is because the inhabitants of that locality have not learnt from their experience that there is any better way of dining within their reach. They order these things because they like them, and all the writing in the world, let it contain ever so charming descriptions of *diners à la Russe*, *entrées*, and the "four fundamental sauces," will not convert these gastronomic heathens until their own palates have convinced them that there are other things in the market than the two stock dishes we have mentioned. G. H. M. may disquiet himself in vain, and go on writing about his mode of cooking potatoes to all eternity; but until chance or good fortune shall lead some members of that benighted class to Upper Berkeley-street, or until young Hopeful from Bloomsbury shall find his way to the gilded salons of the Café de Paris or Philippe's, nothing will be done to mend matters. The fact is, that we are improving fast in all matters of taste, and in this among many others. Since 1851, our strides on all æsthetic points have been prodigious. Nationally, we dress better, build handsomer houses, and dine better than we did eight years ago, and the reason is simply that we are coming to know better what is in good taste. Take the squares themselves. Are they more perfect in an architectural point of view than their inhabitants are in matters of taste? Would any first-rate modern architect called upon to design a cheerful and convenient place for habitation fix upon such a contrivance as a quadrilateral arrangement of dingy brick houses, each the very twin of its neighbour, with a



dreary collection of brown shrubs railed off in the middle? Look at the squares and crescents that have been built more lately—such as Eaton-square, or, if that be thought too exceptional an example, take the new squares and crescents surrounding the Hampstead-road—and ask whether they do not indicate some advance in architectural education? So in dress: compare the ridiculous costumes in vogue thirty years ago with the easy and comparatively graceful styles of the present day. All this indicates progress, and gives us hope that a day may arrive, distant or at hand, when the respectable middle-class people of England will comprehend the benefits of *entrées*, and understand the four sauces at least as well as the cardinal virtues.

Now Brillat-Savarin, whose famous work has been confessedly used by Mr. Simpson as the basis of the book before us, was just the man to have taken a creditable part in the discussion of the great dinner question. Even "G. H. M." would have been distanced had this distinguished knight of the napkin been able to join the *mêlée*. Full of anecdote and experience, with a calm yet pleasant way of enforcing his doctrines—doctrines which are no more to be rejected than are the axioms of Euclid—this amiable juriconsult and philosopher of Belley, in the Department de l'Ain, would have pronounced upon the points at issue with an authority which would have been out of the pale of contradiction. He was a truly great man in his way, this same Sieur Anthelme Brillat-Savarin; for he spoke not only from vast experience of his subject, but after much cogitation directed by natural taste. He belonged to no particular section or school of gastronomy, and would never have been guilty of the unutterable folly of laying it down as a dogma that the *entrées* are the principal part of a dinner. None but a man of weak stomach and impaired digestion would have been guilty of a paradox like that. Savarin, on the contrary, appreciated what was good in all schools, described no dish of which he had not actual experience, and was evidently capable of carrying out his theories into practice by himself executing the directions which he gave.

To be frank with Mr. Simpson, we should have liked his book better had he given us Savarin entire, adding his own new matter and comments in the form of supplementary chapters. This is by no means intended as a disparagement to the part which is due to himself, but a really great work cannot be safely interfered with, and it is with distaste that we see even the most skillful architect endeavouring to patch up a fragment of antiquity. Besides that, Mr. Simpson's translation might have been made a little more elegant, and have given to the English reader a better idea of the style of the original, had he taken a little more time to his task. Manifestly this book is one of the results of the late controversy, and has been hurried through the press with some precipitation. It may be a useful suggestion, therefore, that in the event of a second edition, which will very probably be called for, some little time and pains may be judiciously spent in revising the whole, and comparing it carefully with the original.

It is time, however, that we gave the reader some idea of the scope and purport of Savarin's book, or rather of this edition of Simpson upon Savarin. Take the following axioms from the first chapter, and ponder well over every one of them:

- I. The universe without life would be nothing, and all that lives must be fed.
- II. Animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.
- III. The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.
- IV. Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are.
- V. The Creator in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences.
- VI. Good living is an act of our judgment, by which we give a preference to things agreeable to taste, to those which do not possess that quality.
- VII. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they remain to console us for their loss.
- VIII. The dinner-table is the only place where men are not bored during the first hour.
- IX. The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet.
- X. Men who eat hastily or get drunk do not know how to eat or drink.
- XVI. The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same must be said of guests.
- XVII. To wait too long for a guest is a breach of politeness towards all who have arrived punctually.
- XVIII. A man who invites friends to dinner, and takes no personal interest in his dinner, is not worthy of friendship.
- XIX. The lady of the household always take care that the coffee is excellent; and the master of the house should be sure that the *liqueurs* are of the first quality.
- XX. When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands.

Some of these are perfect gems of wisdom, happily and tritely expressed. The chapters on the history of cookery are full of matter agreeably communicated. To come, however, to the more practical part. Savarin gives very few *recipies*, but what he does give are original and good. Take, for example, the following method of cooking a pheasant à la Sainte-Alliance:

It is by no means an indifferent matter as regards plucking a pheasant too soon. Founded experience has shown that those which have been left in their feathers had a finer flavour than those plucked, either because the contact of the air neutralises some portion of the aroma, or because a portion of the juices destined to nourish the feathers is absorbed. Thus prepared, it has to be stuffed. This is done as follows: Take two snipes; bone them, and clear them so as to make two lots; the first of the meat, the second of the liver and entrails. Make a stuffing of the meat, cutting it up small with beef-marrow, cooked by steam, a little lard (*lard*), pepper, salt, fine herbs, and a sufficient quantity of good truffles to fill the inside of the pheasant. You must be careful that the stuffing

does not protrude, which is sometimes a difficulty, when the bird is rather far gone. But it can be done with a little skill, by attaching a crust of bread. Then take a piece of toast, which must exceed the size of the pheasant two inches each way, and lay the pheasant upon it longways; then take the livers and entrails of the snipes, and pound them with two large truffles, an anchovy, a little lard, and a suitable piece of fresh butter. Spread this paste equally over your toast, and then place the pheasant, prepared as above, over it, so that all the juice which issues from it whilst roasting may be soaked in. When the pheasant is done, serve it up reclining gracefully on the toast, place slices of lemon round, and you need not be anxious for the result. This high-flavoured dish ought to be washed down with Burgundy (*vin du cru de la Haute-Bourgogne*). I arrived at this truth after a long series of observations, which gave me as much labour as going through Euclid. A pheasant thus cooked is worthy of the table of the noblest in the land. I saw one cooked by that worthy chef Picard, at the Château-de-la-Grange, at my charming friend's Mme. de Ville-Plaine. It was brought up in solemn procession by Louis, the majordomo. It was examined as minutely as a new bonnet from Mme. Herbauld's; it was smelt with anticipations of delight; and during this learned investigation the eyes of the ladies twinkled like stars, their lips became the colour of coral, and their features beamed with delight.

We fully approve of Mr. Simpson's own maxims upon "How to give a dinner:"

Let the number of your guests never exceed twelve, so that the conversation may constantly remain general. Let them be so collected that their occupations are different, their tastes similar, and with such points of contact, that it is not necessary to go through the odious form of introduction. Let your dining-room be brilliantly lighted, your cloth perfectly clean, and the temperature of the room from 13° to 16° Réaumur. Let the men be clever without presumption, the women amiable without conceit. Let your dishes be limited in number, but each excellent, and your wines first-rate. Let the former vary from the most substantial to the most light; and for the second, from the strongest to the most perfumed. Let everything be served quietly, without hurry or bustle; dinner being the last business of the day. Let your guests look upon themselves as travellers who have arrived at the end of their journey. Let the coffee be very hot, and the liqueurs first quality. Let your drawing-room be spacious enough to allow a game to be played, if desired, without interfering with those addicted to chatting. Let the guests be retained by the pleasant company, and cheered with the hope that, before the evening is over, there is something good still in store for them. Let the tea not be too strong; the hot toast well buttered; and the punch carefully mixed. Let no one leave before eleven, but let every one be in bed by midnight.

These maxims are nearly identical with those propounded by dear old gossiping Mr. Walker, in his garrulous but not unamusing "Original"—a work which may be parenthetically recommended to all who feel interested in the dinner question. And to these we are inclined to add another maxim, which ought to be inscribed in letters of gold over every *batterie de cuisine*—and the humbler the household the greater the necessity for it—and that is, *Never attempt to do anything to which you are not thoroughly accustomed*. It is by trying to step out of the ordinary course that all the mistakes in dinner-giving are committed. When middle-class households give dinners, they usually make the mistake of attempting a quantity of things to which they are not accustomed—nor are their guests. When a dinner party is given in a perfectly appointed household, it is the quantity only that is increased; the cook, the *batterie*, all are there, and the dinner is in substance of the same class to which that of every day belongs. In this we believe lies the whole secret of the mischief—the 'dim' soup, the cold *entrées*, and all the other evils upon which the correspondents of the *Times* were so pathetically eloquent.

Finally, we are obliged to Mr. Simpson for his book. It is built on a good model, is extremely lively and readable, and will do its part towards popularising sound views on the *Ars edendi*.

As for the other little volume whose title stands at the head of these observations, not much can be said about it. It is simply a collection of scraps and anecdotes selected with no great taste, and thrown together with very little judgment. Many of the anecdotes in it are nevertheless good enough in their way, and the little volume may prove of service to the diner-out when he wishes to prime himself with some of the forgotten "Joes" of the dinner-table.

#### THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR ON THE SCOTTISH INSURRECTION OF 1715.

*Memoirs of the Insurrection in Scotland in 1715, by John, Master of Sinclair. From the Original Manuscript in the possession of the Earl of Rosslyn. With Notes by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Printed at Edinburgh for the Abbotsford Club.*

IT IS WITH MUCH PLEASURE that we notice the appearance of these memoirs in a printed form, offering as they do a most important contribution to the history of the insurrection in Scotland in 1715, and shedding much light upon the characters of the principal persons engaged in that transaction. It is not at all too soon that such a MS. should be made public; for, so far back as the year 1805, Sir Walter Scott had been much attracted by it, and requested permission from the family of the author to have it published; but was refused on the ground that some of the descendants of the leaders of the insurrection would probably be much hurt by the remarkable asperity with which the Master of Sinclair assails every one that presumed to differ from him in his view of parties and affairs. Sir Walter, however, had a transcript made of the MS., which he enriched with numerous observations and notes. He also printed several extracts from it in his notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and drew up a biographical notice of the Master of Sinclair, which he presented to the Roxburgh Club in 1828, and by this means kept alive the desire long felt by antiquaries and historians to have these memoirs printed. Lord John Russell, we may add, when

writing his "History of the Principal States of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht," consulted a transcript of the memoirs; and Lord Stanhope, when writing his "History of England," had access to Sir Walter Scott's copy; "but it is obvious that in such works the authors could not enter into the more minute and circumstantial details given in the memoirs." These are now printed under the joint superintendence of Mr. Macknight and Mr. Laing, from the original manuscript, with Sir Walter Scott's annotations, as they appear in the transcript at Abbotsford, while, to make the work more complete, Sir Walter Scott's life of the author is prefixed. The whole comes out under the auspices of the Abbotsford Club, who have obtained the consent of the Earl of Rosslyn, the owner of the original MS., to its publication as one of the books of the club. Such are the circumstances which have led to the publication of the present volume.

John, Master of Sinclair, was the eldest son of Henry, seventh Lord Sinclair, and was born on the 5th of December, 1683. Of his early life nothing is known further than that he received a good education, entered the army, and held a lieutenant's commission in Preston's regiment under the Duke of Marlborough. After the battle of Wynendale, an officer in the same regiment with Sinclair, Ensign Hugh Schaw, accused him of cowardice in having stooped down during the action; in consequence of which Sinclair challenged Schaw, and a meeting took place early in February, 1707-8, in which, after a few passes, Sinclair's sword was broken and Schaw's bent, while, however, the latter was mortally wounded. After this event Captain Alexander Schaw, of the Royals, represented Sinclair to have acted with unfairness in the duel through having paper in his breast against which his brother's sword was bent. For this Sinclair called the Captain to account at the head of his regiment on the 13th of February, and ended by pulling out a pistol and shooting him dead on the spot, Schaw's hand being at the same time laid on his own pistol, whether for attack or defence is not known. For this act the Master was tried before a court-martial in September, 1708, and sentenced to death, in accordance with the nineteenth article of war; but, in consideration of the great provocation he had received, he was recommended by the court to the Queen's mercy. The Queen's Council, however, upon the matter being brought before them, pronounced him guilty of wilful murder; and so determined was Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, eldest brother of the deceased, in the pursuit of Sinclair, that the latter would have inevitably been executed according to his sentence, had he not escaped out of the British camp into the Prussian dominions. This is said not to have been without Marlborough's connivance. How long he remained in exile is not stated, but we are informed that "notwithstanding the repeated instances of Sir John Schaw, the Master of Sinclair at length obtained the Queen's pardon upon the Tory administration coming into power in 1712."

Sinclair now remained at the family seat of Dysart, in Fife, until after the Queen's death in 1714, when he engaged, "rather it would seem from a principle of honour than any hearty liking to the scheme," in the insurrection that broke out in the following year. Between Mar and Sinclair, the two leaders of the insurrection, there was never any hearty sympathy from the beginning, and it is no wonder, therefore, that things went badly with the enterprise. Faults there were on both sides, but "making every allowance," as Sir Walter Scott says, "for the prejudice and vehemence of the Master of Sinclair, it is impossible not to concur with him in thinking that the whole management of Mar, from the beginning to the end of the insurrection, was highly blameworthy." In consequence of this mismanagement, Sinclair together with Huntley placed themselves at the head of the party among the insurgents who were for making peace with the Government. Then came the battle of Sheriffmuir, in which Sinclair is strongly suspected of having betrayed the common cause. "According to the best accounts of that singular engagement," says Sir Walter Scott, "had the cavalry which Sinclair commanded supported the charge of the Highlanders, all the left wing of Argyle's army must have been cut off. Hence, perhaps, the popular old song hath said that,

Huntley and Sinclair  
They balth played the tinclair  
With consciences black as a crow, man.

On the failure of the enterprise Sinclair made his way to Strathbogie, and thence to Orkney, where, seizing a vessel, he escaped with some of his companions in misfortune to the Continent.

Sinclair, for his share in the insurrection or rebellion of 1715, was attainted and remained abroad until 1726, when he obtained a pardon for his life, but without any reversal of his attainder. He resided at Dysart until his death, seldom coming to Edinburgh, and when he did, always armed and well attended, as if he feared the vengeance of the Schaws or some other enemies. The Master of Sinclair was twice married, but left behind him no issue. He died on the 2nd of November, 1750, and will be chiefly remembered as the author of these memoirs, which are "written with great talent and peculiar satirical energy," offering, says Sir Walter Scott, "a precious treat to the lovers of historical scandal." This, however, is not their only recommendation; for they give occasionally a very graphic account of events as they occurred daily, sometimes small and sometimes great, which enables the reader to realise at once the exact state of affairs in the rebel army. Thus, his account of the battle of Sheriffmuir is the most complete and circumstantial account of that action ever

written; an action in which the peculiar tactics of the Highlanders, when opposed to regular troops, appear to greater advantage than in any other contest of the kind on record—when "in four minutes 2,000 Highlanders, with the loss of only 25 men, defeated in open field, and without advantage of ground on either side, an equal, if not superior number of the tried veterans of the Duke of Marlborough's wars." The Master of Sinclair, whose leanings are generally altogether in favour of the "regulars," tell us that he could never have believed such a thing possible had he not witnessed it. In this battle the famous Rob Roy was present. He is mentioned oftener than once in the course of the memoirs, but we have to join with the editor in regretting "that no description of his character and peculiarities is to be found among the graphic and forcible sketches given by the Master." For his own conduct, both in the battle of Sheriffmuir and elsewhere, as a chief member of what was called the "Grumbling Club," among the rebels, Sinclair was often assailed in the songs and ballads of the time, one of which runs as follows:

The Master with the bully-face,  
And with the coward's heart, man,  
Who never missed, to his disgrace,  
To act the traitor's part, man;  
Did join Dunbog, the greatest knave  
In all the shire of Fife, man;  
Who was the first the cause to leave  
By counsel of his wife, man.

Sinclair took his revenge by the almost savage ferocity with which he attacks, in these memoirs, not only Mar, but Marischal and the other leaders of the insurrection who had the misfortune in any way to differ with him in his views and opinions. There is rather too much of this asperity to make it quite palatable to the modern reader, but this is almost the only exception that we have to take against the memoirs; unless, perhaps, that he is sometimes too prosy, and too fond of showing his learning by means of Latin quotations, most of which were, even before his time, sufficiently hackneyed.

#### THE PONIATOWSKI GEMS.

*Photographic Facsimiles of the Antique Gems formerly possessed by the late Prince Poniatowski, accompanied by a Description and Poetical Illustrations of each Subject, carefully selected from classical Authors; with an Essay on Ancient Gems and Gem-engraving.* By JAMES PRENDEVILLE, assisted by the late Dr. MAGINN. First Series. Longman and Co. pp. xxxiv. 126.

THE GRAND DISTINCTION between the works in which the spirit of antique and of modern civilisation respectively finds expression, consists in the extent to which the former are inspired by the sentiment of ideal beauty, while the formative principle of the latter is utility. Every specimen of ancient manufacture is certain to be elegant; the modern, if not actually commodious, are at least intended for and purchased as such. Not, indeed, that ancient work is always ill-adapted to subserve purposes of utility, or that all modern manufacturers are incapable of producing beautiful objects. But it is obvious that the antique workman's principal aim has been the production of a work of art, while, with the modern, ornament is but the supplementary charm that may serve to distinguish his manufacture from that of his competitors, or pique the acquisitiveness of a hesitating purchaser. Nay, it is very doubtful how much of even such regard as is actually paid to beauty would subsist were it not for the stimulus of the antique models. Many sound reasons might easily be adduced in explanation of this remarkable diversity of ideal, such as the distinctions of race, the varieties of climate, and the exquisite perfection which might almost excuse the belief of the ancients having exhausted the possibilities of excellence. But a profounder cause lies at the root of the matter. Antique civilisation is the expression of man's satisfaction: the modern, of his dissatisfaction with the world as he finds it. "Let us make ourselves comfortable," sums up the whole duty of man as conceived by ancient Greece and Rome. "Here we have no abiding place," was the creed of our forefathers' Europe, and is still the cant of our own. Now, when a man is content with himself, and undisturbed by material change in his situation, his energies find a vent in embellishing the latter; in other words, he cultivates the fine arts. Just as a retired merchant is more anxious to find a secure than a gainful investment for his wealth, while he is intent on laying out his grounds artistically, and subscribes to the Art Union, even so ancient society, once organised on a firm basis, did little or nothing to extend man's knowledge, his control over the resources of nature, or even his material comforts, but surrounded him to a degree never since equalled with ornament, refinement, and elegance. Good housewives, who contemplate the ancient furniture and articles of domestic economy engraved in Smith's Dictionary, will certainly think improvement in a utilitarian direction very practicable, and even imperatively demanded. Yet none such was made, and the utter stagnation of invention and scientific inquiry, from the age of the Ptolemies onward, shows that the fabric of civilisation was deemed complete, and such as nothing remained but to adorn.

On the other hand, the gloomy architecture, the comfortless furniture, the grotesque art, and the ascetic ideals of the middle ages bear eloquent witness to a pervading disgust with the world, and an utter despair of ever making anything out of it. The brief revulsion of the Renaissance has passed away as violent reactions must, and left us in a somewhat anomalous position. Cant as we may and do, we do not, like our mediæval ancestors, really abhor a world not too bad for



Providence to have watched over for many thousand years. On the other hand, we are not, like the ancients, so content with our progress in the essentials of civilisation as to devote our whole attention to the adornment and refinement of our acquisitions. We are continually aiming at advance—a disposition which, powerfully stimulative of invention, excludes the serenity of mind requisite for artistic perfection. When, some day, the really unattainable limits of comfort and material prosperity shall seem to have been reached, a change will come over the spirit of man's dream, the Useful, without loss, but also without further development, of its essential characteristics will gradually pass into the Beautiful, and our civilisation thus fulfil its perfect cycle ere it yield to an anarchy to be succeeded in its turn by yet higher and nobler developments of humanity.

The distinction we have been enforcing could hardly be more appropriately illustrated than by carrying the magnificent volume, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, into any modern jeweller's shop. The latter would present a dazzling array of gems cut, polished, and set with extraordinary mechanical skill; the jewels depicted by the latter are principally valuable as media for the display of artistic beauty. We are satisfied to put our gems to the obvious use (if use it can be called) of display; the ancients were not content till the lifeless stone had become the interpreter of thought. Much of the elaboration bestowed by them on precious stones was, doubtless, owing to the use of these as seals, and the vast importance of the seal at an age when, cursive characters being unused, every one's handwriting was pretty nearly alike. The seal, in fact, served them as a signature and a lock, a safeguard against theft and forgery at once, the guardian of family secrets, the verification of testimony, and the pledge of obligation. It is not surprising, then, that it should have been invested with an all but sacred character, that it should have constituted a badge of gentility among the Romans, and the veneration naturally paid to the family signet (corresponding to that with which an English nobleman regards his escutcheon) should have engendered a state of feeling that considered every stone adapted for the artist's purpose as well deserving the most refined exercise of his art. So much of this feeling survives among ourselves as to render the execution of public seals a matter of importance, but our comparative disregard is evinced as well by the slovenly execution and unartistic character of our private signets as by the fact that a device rarely becomes hereditary, and is still more unfrequently wrought on a stone of any value.

This decadence of the art of gem-engraving must be accounted for on the same principle as the corresponding phenomenon in the case of sculpture, with which it stands or falls. It cannot be denied that, whatever the merit of particular works, sculpture as an art occupies a most insignificant position among us compared to that which it held with the ancients. A brief inspection of any collection of engravings after ancient gems will show why gem-cutting must necessarily partake of the fortunes of the *statuaria ars*. Assuming the genuineness of the gems here delineated—a question on which we will not here enter—it would seem that they are so many copies of ancient sculptures or paintings treated in a statuesque manner. This will appear probable if we consider that the art not having been much developed among the Greeks, they must have been executed at Rome during the time of the Empire, a period when artistic genius was (but for the brief revival under Hadrian) at a low ebb. Yet so exquisite is not merely the technical execution, but the actual conception of most of them, that, did they offer original compositions, we should be obliged to conclude that not only did a vast amount of most refined and delicate genius exist in those prosaic times, but that it wilfully confined itself to the humblest branch of art. Each of these propositions involves a psychological impossibility; exquisite appreciation of form would have chastened the turgidity of contemporary literature; the inspired hand apt at the elaboration of cameos, could and would have aspired to the sublimities of marble. It ensues that these gems have preserved us an epitome of Greek art, saved by transference to a material whose hardness renders destruction difficult, while its intrinsic value happily enlists the cupidity of man in the cause of its preservation.

With regard to the particular book before us, its design and execution are alike commendable. There is, in the first place, an essay on ancient gem-engraving, solidly if not brilliantly written, and bringing together all the attainable information on the subject. Then follow the plates, each containing photographic fac-similes of several gems, and accompanied with illustrative letter-press. The execution of the photographs is generally admirable, the stone being reproduced, not merely with strict fidelity, but with a refinement of delineation fully rendering the exquisite contour of the original. There are no blots, stains, or blurs, and few instances of darkened hue or exaggerated outline. In fact, the purchaser may almost pride himself upon possessing a duplicate of the original collection. The attendant letter-press consists exclusively of translated passages from the ancient poets, expounding the mythological subjects selected by the artists. This is probably the best method of illustration that could have been adopted, nor, considering the likelihood of the book becoming a drawing-room ornament, was it desirable to offer these passages in the original. It is to be lamented, however, that, translation from the antique having ceased to be fashionable just as the antique spirit was beginning to be comprehended, it has rarely been possible to find any versions whose tone and spirit are not at utter variance with the classic severity of the works of art they illustrate.

## MR. GARNETT'S ESSAYS.

*The Philological Essays of the late Rev. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum.* Edited by his Son. London: Williams and Norgate. pp. xvi. 342.

THE CRITIC'S TASK is considerably simplified when the work he professes to review has, in some shape or other, already been long before the public. In the case of essays reprinted from the original media of publication, the mere circumstance of reproduction will generally warrant him in assigning a certain value to the work, and will at all events enable him to dispense with the strict examination properly bestowed upon quite new-fledged candidates for public approval. In the present instance, the essays now for the first time published in a collected form have long been accessible to most of those interested in the science of which they treat, all having made their first appearance either in the *Quarterly Review*, which every one reads, or in that special organ of linguists, the *Transactions of the Philological Society*. We shall, therefore, be content with offering a brief characterisation of these writings themselves, and some account of the author, whose destiny it has hitherto been to be much less known than his works.

It appears from the memoir prefixed by the editor, that the late Rev. Richard Garnett was a native of Yorkshire, a county fertile in original minds and eminent men. His father, a manufacturer of paper, designing him for the pursuits of foreign commerce, placed him with an Italian teacher at Leeds, where the foundation of his acquaintance with languages and literature was laid. So deeply, indeed, did he drink of the Pierian spring, that a life of business proved intolerable, and, after a few years' experience of its restraints, he adopted the resolution of discarding all prospect of affluence, and educating himself for the Church. For four years he persevered with patient heroism, prosecuting his lonely studies in spite of every discouragement, and earning his bread the meanwhile by the ungrateful labour of teaching at a country school. It was his determination never to assume the responsibilities of the clerical office until he should feel himself eminently qualified to discharge them—the success and the sincerity of his purpose were alike evinced by the verdict of his examiner, that no candidate of equal qualifications had ever come before him. From the period of his ordination the outward story of his life is summed up in two curacies, two small livings, a mastership at a grammar school, a vicarage in Lichfield Cathedral, and finally a librarianship in the British Museum, where he continued till his death in 1850. Of his intellectual life the essays before us are the offspring and the witnesses.

And truly their witness is most eloquent. Their full merits can, perhaps, be only appreciated by the philologist, but none can read them without recognising a depth and breadth of mental culture rare indeed in this age of sciolists and smatterers. Not merely is the writer's acquaintance with his subject most thorough and profound, not merely are his views fortified by a comprehensive induction from almost every spoken language, from Sanscrit to the speech of Tongataboo, but the amount of illustration from elegant literature is quite equal to what might have been expected from a professed votary of the *belles lettres*. This mental many-sidedness, this flexibility of intellect, this power of reconciling apparent incompatibilities, is perhaps the secret of Mr. Garnett's extraordinary success. Seldom do we find so harmonious a union of intense speculation with scrupulous regard for probability. In dealing with matters of fact, no one can be more accurately precise and anxiously demonstrative. In theory few writers have been more wisely bold. As examples of the first merit, we may refer to the articles on English dialects, and on the languages of the British Islands. As instances of the latter, we may mention the review of Prichard, and the papers on the Relative Import of Language, and the Origin and Analysis of the Verb, which no one new to philological research will consult without finding his ideas of the nature of language undergo very considerable modification. The essays on the Genitive Case, the Origin of the Augment, &c., are also highly important. In fact there are few philological questions untouched in these papers, an adequate notice of which would need a disquisition too long and too abstruse for our readers and for ourselves.

On the whole we are inclined to agree with Dr. Latham that these essays are about the most valuable contribution made to philology and ethnology during the century, that is, by any Englishman. Dr. Latham omits the qualifying clause; his bias is pardonable, but does not bias himself whisper *μῦθος ἄγαν*? It would be as unjust to overlook the vast merits of Continental philologists as to disguise the fact that this volume does not in all respects express the latest results of scientific research. The reason is not far to seek—nine years have elapsed since the composition of the last essay, and not one page has enjoyed the final revision of the author. It must be recollected that if philology be now further advanced than in his days, the merit is in large measure due to him and a few contemporaries. It was their task and glory to raise philology from an empirical to a scientific pursuit. They found it infested with glossarians firmly persuaded that Russian was a mixture of Italian and German, and Icelandic and Breton pretty much the same thing. It is owing to them if Irish be now only identified with Phœnician in the wilds of Connemara; and if the extraction of Greek from Hebrew require the ignorant intrepidity of a very popular preacher.

## AN AMERICAN POET.

*The Guardian Angel: a Poem in Three Books.* By JAMES SCOTT, D.D., late Pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church, Newark, N.J. New York: Appleton and Co.

THIS POEM is the work of a highly respectable man, and of very considerable genius, recently deceased. It seems to have been the darling of his heart and the *magnum opus* of his life. Since his death it has been published for, we understand, the benefit of his family. In these circumstances it may seem to require critical indulgence. It is not, however, on any such beggarly ground that we venture to recommend it to our readers. Imperfect in some respects, and in parts mystical and exaggerated, it contains as much real poetry as anything we have recently read from the American press. It is full of religious fervour, of warm, childlike sensibility, and of beautiful fancy. Its author seems to have been fascinated above most men by the spirit-world, and all his thoughts and feelings tend instinctively towards that

Land of Souls beyond the sable shore,

of which he is now himself a denizen. The poem is a long dream of Heaven, although the scenery which it describes is deeply coloured by that of the woods and cataracts of America. Its general object is to enforce and illustrate the doctrine of the ministration of angels, taught in Holy Writ in such texts as "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" and "For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways"—and these words are the burden of his song.

In no way can we consider the "Guardian Angel" a well-constructed poem. It is a succession of beautiful visions strung on the slightest possible thread of story. But many of the passages and thoughts contained in it stamp a genuine poetic mind—a mind which delights always to soar in lofty ether, although occasionally it becomes lost in the clouds.

We must give a few extracts which shall speak for themselves:

All things most fair  
And holiest in nature noiseless weave  
Their threads of being. Angels visit earth  
In silence, retreat silent as the dreams  
Of sleepers. Thought makes pilgrimages  
wild,  
Silent, through universal space; and light,  
Next swiftest, journeys silent. Trees,  
The huge cathedral trees, which the sweet  
birds  
At eventide make vocal with their glee,

Branch, spray, and leaf, and all their  
odorous blooms,  
Glad of their dewy baptism, silent grow.  
On earth there is no sound when souls are  
born  
To God. In silence awful and profound  
Spirits he cleanseth, black, engrained in  
sin.  
The wheel of Providence, so high and vast,  
So laden with the destiny of worlds,  
Rolls ever onward, silent and unheard.

Thus he describes the meeting of the Ohio with the Mississippi:

But now I saw the Mississippi sweep  
Silent and strong toward the sunny  
south.  
Bending the thousand-miled Ohio like  
An osier twig, and carrying it away  
As ancient conqueror his captive queen,

Bound to his chariot. As the stream of time  
With all its myriad wrecks of bygone  
worlds  
Is poured into Eternity's vast sea  
And ceases; so Ohio was not—here  
Her history endeth.

We do not know if, either in prose or poetry, there exists a thoroughly first-rate description of Niagara. William Hewison, in his excellent and once popular volume of "Travels in Canada," gives rather an inventory than a picture of it—item, a rock; item, a fall like a horse-shoe; item, a cloud of spray; item, a rainbow. Mrs. Butler supplies an oath and an attitude: "I saw Niagara. O God, who can describe that sight!" Dickens would have described the next pump better than he has done the world-famous cataract; indeed, the scenery of America is altogether out of his line, and when he is passing through it you are haunted with the incongruous image of Boz riding up the forests on a buffalo. So far as we remember, Washington Irving, Emerson, and Longfellow have never attempted it. Perhaps Poe may have somewhere photographed in his stern style its vast "Hell of Waters." Let us now see how Dr. Scott deals with this most difficult theme:

Sight sublime,  
Those white-maned rapids, like the steeds  
which bore  
The prophet heavenward in Israel's car;  
The roar of their great wheels ascending  
aye  
The mountains of eternity. The bows  
Across the vast abyss are arches fair,  
Celestial bridges for the angels built.  
The mists are God's earth-robcs; the place  
itself  
The vestibule of the eternal state,  
The dwelling of Jehovah. Thus I felt  
As I stood musing on a summer's day,  
Contemplating the varied scenery;  
The islands anchored fast above the Falls;

The rush of waters, like Euphrates poured  
Through Naharmalca; the stupendous leap  
Of the huge river; and the rapids wild,  
Like chargers rushing o'er the precipice,  
Or troops of angels on white horses which  
Stayed not for danger; rainbows number-  
less;  
The trees in silence listening there, like  
seers  
Awaiting revelations; and the rocks  
Up-piled around me and above in one  
Huge picture. Angel-presences methought  
Alone were wanting, to exalt the place  
Into the glorious portal opened wide  
Of all eternities. Eternity  
Present and Past and Future.

There is considerable spirit and fancy in these lines, although they are not quite equal to Byron's "Velino," or to "Niagara." They fail, we think, by making the scene too heavenly. Now the leading ideas suggested by any great cataract are those of trouble, torment, horror, hell. Hence Byron says of the waters of Velino:

When they howl and hiss  
And boil in endless torment, while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this,  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of Jet,  
That gird the gulph around, in pitiless horror set.

Dr. Scott makes the rapids white-maned chargers carrying up Elijah to heaven. Poe would have made them the Devil's unharnessed steeds, hurrying down the lost to hell, and perhaps the whole scene would have reminded him of a world of desperate and self-damning spirits, plunging like the Gadarene swine over the precipice of perdition, while the rainbows hovering above, and springing out of the tumult

of the plunge, would form images of that sad glory which accrues to God from the damnation of guilty men.

Exceedingly fine are many of the fancies scattered through this volume. Such, for instance, is that of the "mystic spirit-ship of Death," which he supposes to be perpetually passing, with departed souls, between Earth and Eternity. And such is his picture of the original condition of our world:

The Earth, I said,  
When man was made, was nearer God than  
now;  
It lay at anchor in the Bay of Heaven,  
As new-rigged ship moored in an inland  
sea

Of Earth. The shadow of the battlements  
Of the vast sinless land fell over it,  
But after the fall it went far off  
Into the wilds of space, where far and few  
The stars are visible by night—by day.  
One lonely sun.

Altogether we have great pleasure in recommending to our readers this product of true Transatlantic genius. APOLLODORUS.

*Painting Popularly Explained: including Fresco, Oil, Tempera, Mosaic, Encaustic, Water-Colour, Miniature, Mosaic, Painting on Pottery, Porcelain, Enamel, Glass, &c.; with Historical Sketches of the Progress of the Art.* By THOMAS JOHN GULLICK, Painter, and JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. London: Kent and Co.

WHOSOEVER would truly estimate the value and possible usefulness of a book intended to impart general knowledge of a special subject beyond the bounds of ordinary education—such as painting—must include in the consideration the extent and quality of the education acquired by the people, its tendency to direct their minds to the subject, and the means available for the increase of their knowledge by observation in their periods of recreation and leisure. A book may be too advanced—may treat technically of things which are not ordinarily seen by the mass of the people, or it may be too discursive on unimportant points; or, on the other hand, may be below the standard of the day in its information on the whole subject. In explaining the elements of the subject, it will perhaps descend too nearly to the nature of a school-book, or, in the endeavour to attain comprehensive fulness, will be made more suitable for the study than for ready reference whilst viewing the objects it should explain. The lapse of a few years will often render the plan and style of such a book inconvenient and unsuitable, or, if compiled with the view of avoiding this possibility, it may outrun the growth of the branch of knowledge it should treat of, and fail to impart the simple information sought by the mass of its readers.

The universal education of the crowd in the present day has brought them within sight of every portion of human knowledge. The increase of libraries, museums, and art collections has nurtured and ministered to a general desire for information on each art and every branch of learning. Journals and lectures, the institutes, and the schools of science and art, have developed individual inclinations and encouraged self-education in subjects which aptitude or opportunity make suitable, and now a host of readers crave from authors and compilers, and press to the publishers' doors for books containing complete and ready information on the sciences exemplified in museums, and the arts displayed in galleries. Mr. John Timbs has been the earliest to observe this demand, and has shown the most skilful tact and laborious exertion in supplying it. He has already furnished clearly written and well-arranged compilations on the curiosities of science and of history, the origin of popular errors, and the youth of eminent men. He now, with the aid of a professed artist, gives us a complete technical, historical, and critical exposition of painting and the arts allied to it. With Mr. Gullick's able practical knowledge to assist him he has produced a lucid treatise, which in its plan and thorough explanatory simplicity is quite original. It is of necessity only a compilation, but, excepting a work of similar purpose by Dr. Enfield published in 1809 and long ago superseded, we never met with so handy an epitome on the arts of painting. It gives that ready and brief information on each part of the processes and the history of the art which the ordinary reader would enjoy after a walk in a picture-gallery, or a young student would require before reading the numerous larger works which are quoted in it as authorities. Each chapter is a fluent essay on the various subjects given in the title of the book, written with discrimination as regards opinions, and terseness in its explanation of facts and processes. The theory and method of each style of painting is first explained, its technicalities construed into plain terms, the modifications and extensions in its practice by individual painters mentioned, its development traced, and the best examples instanced, and the period of the best artists in each incidentally included, whilst the history of the distinct schools is written at sufficient length, and embraces that of Modern English water-colour—to most persons perhaps of the greatest interest. Every art and term having relation to painting is noticed; thus, enamels and vase-painting are treated of, and the mysteries of vehicles, varnishes, and toning are introduced. An appendix supplies further information on such matters as scene-painting, religious pictures of the middle ages, pastel-painting; the framing, hanging, and preservation of pictures; and a copious alphabetical index enables a reader to find, not only immediate hints on any portion of the subject, but the page of the work where fuller information may be got. It is a correct, useful work, not resembling any other in present circulation.

*Literary Remains of King Edward VI.* Edited from his Autograph Manuscripts, with Historical Notes, and Biographical Memoir, by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. 2 vols. Printed for the Roxburghe Club, London.

THE ROXBURGHE CLUB has not for a long time put forth a work of so much interest as these "Literary Remains" of the Boy-King, for the editing of which it is indebted to the well-known skill and diligence of Mr. J. G. Nichols. These remains, which had never before been printed in their integrity, consist of—1. The King's Letters, sixty-three in number. 2. His Orations or Declarations in Latin and Greek, thirteen in number; being a kind of exercises, on a plan recommended by Erasmus, to facilitate composition; the subjects being sometimes of a



permanent, and sometimes of a temporary character. "In a few instances we can trace the temporary occasions which suggested the subject of the King's declamations; as is the case with the two in Greek and Latin on crusading against the Turks, a question suggested by the conduct of the Emperor and French King respectively. The declamation on Astronomy is connected with some other matters belonging to that science, which occupied the King's attention in 1551. The proposition (Oration ix.), that adultery should be punished with death, was advocated by Bishop Latimer in 1550, and by Bucer in 1551." 3. The Orations are followed by three religious compilations in the French language, the first of which is upon Idolatry, the second on Faith, and the third on the Supremacy of the Pope. These were all evidently prepared under the eye of his French master, and were written in small volumes handsomely bound, for presentation to his uncle, the Lord Protector Somerset. 4. A piece of poetry or ballad upon the Eucharist; the authorship of which, however, is doubtful, being by some attributed to Edward VI., and by others to Sir Anthony St. Leger. 5. King Edward's Journal of the most remarkable occurrences of his reign, began by him in March, 1549-50, when in his thirteenth year, and continued to the close of November, 1552, about seven months before his death. In order to make it a complete "chronicle" of his reign, as he himself called it, he prefixed to it a brief summary of the events of the three preceding years. 6. The King's State Papers and Political Essays, partly preserved in the same volume with his Journal, and partly in other places in the State Paper Office and British Museum. Of these the most important is a discourse "On the Reformation of Abuses," which appears to have been suggested in a great measure by advice given to the young sovereign by Bucer. There are also some papers on the Order of the Garter, which Mr. Nichols considers to be very remarkable and curious. Two works formerly attributed to Edward VI. Mr. Nichols has not been able to find. These are included in Bale's list under the following titles, viz., "De Meretrice Babylonica," and "Ex auditis Concionibus, lib. i."—whether written in Latin or English, does not appear. The first is supposed by some to have been an English comedy, under the very elegant title of "The Whore of Babylon," and the second to have consisted of notes of sermons heard by him. Whatever they may have been, however, they appear to be now no longer recoverable, which is the case also with another book mentioned by Burnet in the following terms: "He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace, over England: in it he had marked down their way of living and their zeal for religion." Such a work, did it survive, would doubtless prove a very valuable relic; but Burnet very likely never saw such a thing himself, and was too hasty in his reference to Foxe, who says that Edward "knew," not that he *wrote*, the names of his justices, magistrates, &c. Still there might possibly have been such a book. From this enumeration of the "Remains of Edward VI." it will be seen that, if not quite the prodigy of learning he is reported to have been by some of his contemporaries, he was, at all events, endowed with a very precocious genius and considerable aptitude for study. Cardan says of him, that he knew six languages, three of which he could speak perfectly, namely, English, Latin, and French; "neither was he ignorant in logike, in the principles of naturall philosophy, or in musike. There was in him lacking neither humanity the image of our mortality, a princely gravity and majesty, nor any kind of towardness beseeeming a noble king." Foxe the Martyrologist is, of course, also exceedingly lavish in his praise of Edward's character, both intellectual and moral. Mr. Nichols, in his preliminary biographical sketch, takes a soberer view of it, and, in fact, looks upon the young King as possessing a cold, calculating nature, as shown especially in the little interest he took in the execution of his two maternal uncles, Lord Seymour of Sudeley and the Lord Protector Somerset. The execution of the latter was thus chronicled by Edward in his Journal: "Jan. 22, 1551-2. The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Towre-hill betwene eight and nine a cloke in the morning." This Journal and the King's Letters, comprising many to and from one Barnaby FitzPatrick, who was educated with him as the King's "breaching or whipping boy," throw considerable light upon the history of the times, and we are, therefore, much obliged to Mr. Nichols for the great pains bestowed upon them in his capacity of editor. Of his "Life of King Edward" prefixed, we need only say that to us it appears the best that has yet been offered to the public.

#### ADAM BEDE.

*Adam Bede.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Blackwood and Sons.

WHETHER "ADAM BEDE" will fulfil the more than ordinary expectations founded upon its author's "Scenes of Clerical Life" may be open to question; but the fact that a very small proportion of the novels of "the season" can bear comparison, for freshness and vigour of style, and originality of character and incident, with this novel is beyond dispute. The author has no startling effects, no spasmodic ebullitions of passion, no ecstatic descriptions, no odd, eccentric, angular characters, no villains that are too villainous, no village maidens artistically perfect. His story would hardly cut up into twenty portions for the benefit of weekly or monthly serial readers. It would puzzle too much the dissector to find the points of the narrative at which the incidents were so exceptionally striking as particularly to justify a pause. In this respect—though the styles of the two writers are widely dissimilar, the author of "Adam Bede" may be compared with Nathaniel Hawthorne. He wins—where he wins at all, for it is not every reader whose romantic appetite will find satisfaction in "Adam Bede"—by slow degrees. He has not the interminable *longueurs* which Balzac habitually inflicted upon his readers, but does not scruple—as in the sermon delivered by Dinah Morris, the young Methodist preacher—to make some demands upon our patience. As the reader proceeds, however, a sort of cumulative interest is felt. Every little incident, every touch, quiet and unobtrusive though it be, of the author's hand, helps to build up the story and contribute to the effect. It is not until it is ended that all the power of the writer is felt. It is then that the reader feels the harmony and completeness of the story.

The scene of the novel is a quiet country village, and the actors in it, with scarce an exception, rise little above the humblest grade of life. Adam Bede and his brother Seth are village carpenters. Dinah Morris, to whom we have already alluded, is a poor girl who is smitten with the new epidemic of Methodism, and wanders from place to place, preaching in the open air. Seth Bede has listened to her half-inspired discourse till he has been converted to Methodism, and fallen in love with its earnest and beautiful advocate. Dinah, however, has little time for the tender passion, and of the two she takes more delight in the earnestness and greater strength of character of his brother Adam. Cross purposes in love matters are the novelist's prescriptive materials. Adam looks not upon Dinah, but upon a vainer and more worldly village beauty—Hetty Sorrel. Hetty, however, knows nothing of his passion, and she has dreams of higher things. Captain Donnithorne, the nephew of the rector, has seen Hetty once or twice, and has fallen in love with her. Hetty, led by her vanity, falls, and is disgraced. She is tried for child-murder, having placed her infant in a field and abandoned it. Hetty's guilt is proved, she is transported, and only released to die upon the passage. Adam in his deep distress is soothed by Dinah Morris and her religious precepts. By an accident he obtains from his mother a knowledge of Dinah's regard for him—his brother Seth having long ago abandoned all hope of winning her. This leads to his marriage with Dinah, and the tranquil ending of the story.

The incidents of "Adam Bede" in this necessarily meagre outline may perhaps seem commonplace enough; but it is in the details and in the style of the writer that its freshness and novelty consist. There is not a scene which he has not fully realised and which he does not succeed in stamping with a truth and distinctness which win belief. It would be difficult to find upon the shelves of the circulating library a chapter more real or less hackneyed than that in which Hetty, dreaming of happiness with her lover in a higher sphere, takes childish delight in surrounding herself, in her secret chamber, with trifling articles of luxury—the ornaments which her lover had given her, her small pieces of jewellery, her fan and lace and other things, lighting up the room with two morsels of wax candle which she had procured for the occasion. We commend the attention of all writers of fiction who can find no new beauty in common materials, to this chapter. Equally remarkable, but far more touching and impressive, is the flight of poor Hetty from the village, her purposeless wanderings, her sleeping in the fields, dreaming of death beside the deep pool, and her seeking shelter at the poor shopkeeper's where her child was born. The author of "Adam Bede" is assuredly in possession of a power to which we may look for good fruits.

*Anecdotes of Dogs.* By EDWARD JESSE, Esq. With numerous Engravings. pp. 490. (Henry G. Bohn.)—There must be few among our readers to whom that faithful companion of man, the dog, is endeared by the fidelity, sagacity, and affection for mankind which distinguishes it from every other species in the brute creation, who are not already well acquainted with Mr. Jesse's agreeable collection of anecdotes? It will be good news for these that Mr. Bohn has put forward this very complete edition, amplified with fresh stores of anecdote, and embellished with a number of very beautiful engravings on steel and wood after Landseer, Cooper, Armfield, and other artists of reputation. In his preface to the new edition Mr. Jesse acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. S. C. Hall and Lady Morgan for remarks upon the Irish Wolf-dog, and also to Mr. Bohn for many additions to the stock of anecdotes and for a very valuable chapter on the feeding and management of dogs. Commending generally the issue of this new edition, we cannot avoid the expression of some small amount of regret that Mr. Jesse did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded him of purging his collection of some anecdotes which, to say the least, are not remarkable for their *verisemblance*. We have great faith in the sagacity of the dog, and have seen it tested and proved in a variety of remarkable ways; but we certainly should require very conclusive evidence before crediting the story about the Count de Monte Vecchio and his St. Bernard dog, who avenged the coolness which his master had experienced from General Morosini, by destroying the lunch which the latter had prepared for the Doge; nor is such a narrative as that about the dog who saved the life of Mrs. Yearsley, by leading her out of the back kitchen just as the ceiling was about to fall in, to be accepted without a searching investigation. These, however, are but venial errors, and disposed as we are to believe everything good of the dog, we may be content to let them pass for current, and to thank Mr. Bohn for this well-got-up reprint of a very agreeable book.

*Companion to the Map of Europe, with Examination Questions.* By WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S. pp. 58. (London: George Philp and Son.)—This useful little volume is not a manual on geographical science, but that which its name implies, a companion to the Map of Europe. As Mr. Hughes truthfully observes, "A good map is capable of becoming, in the hands of an intelligent master, an instrument for teaching a great deal more than is commonly learned from it," and this is, in our opinion, a very successful attempt to show how this may be done. The plan is to take the map, and after giving the pupil a general idea of the continent, to go into the details of the subject, and treat the climate, drainage, geological formations, populations, &c., briefly but sufficiently. A series of well-put examination questions concludes the book, which may be safely recommended to those who are preparing for the ordeal of a civil service examination.

*Geological Map of England and Wales.* By Professor RAMSAY, F.R.S., F.G.S. (Edward Stanford.)—The local director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain has done good service by the publication of this admirable map. It is not only the completest geological map of the scale yet published, but we do not well see how it would be possible to have one more complete. The whole of the country is mapped out, and coloured in bright and distinct colours, according to the geological condition of the crust. Sections showing the stratigraphical relation of the rocks are also given, and the lines of altitude laid from Carnarvon Bay to the North Sea. To show with what care the learned Professor has executed his

task, it may be mentioned that he has not only availed himself of the materials collected for the maps of the Geological Survey conducted under his guidance, but also of the labours of Sir R. I. Murchison, Prof. Sedgwick, Mr. Binney, Dr. Fitton, Prof. Phillips, and others. The scale of this map, which is mounted on linen, and folds into a compact case rendering it most available for the purposes of the geological tourist, is 12 miles to an inch; and that is quite sufficient for any ordinary purpose.

*Gathered Lights.* By the Rev. C. HOPE ROBERTSON. pp. 278. (F. and J. Rivington.)—The object of this little volume is to illustrate the meaning and structure of the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Robertson (who was lately curate at St. John's Church, Bradford) has selected a variety of passages from several theological writers, and has brought them together for this useful purpose.

*A Short Hand-book of the Comparative Philology of the English, Anglo-Saxon, &c. Tongues.* By HYDE CLARKE, D.C.L. pp. 30. (J. Weale.)—A reprint of the chapter on comparative philology which begins Mr. Clarke's *English Grammar*. The object is to dissect the language, as it were, and to show how far its various component parts have been derived from the English, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, Flemish or Dutch, Low or Platt Dutch, High Dutch or German, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese tongues. Mr. Clarke intimates that, should the reprint of this chapter prove acceptable, he may be induced to extend it into the form of a treatise.

*On the Organs of Vision: their Anatomy and Physiology.* By THOMAS NUNNELEY, F.R.C.S.E. pp. 373. (John Churchill.)—Mr. Nunneley has already made a name as a surgeon of reputation. His evidence in the Palmer case did not perhaps tend to strengthen that reputation either with his profession or the public; but be that as it may, his labours in connection with the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Leeds are sufficiently well known to render him an authority upon the subject dealt with in this volume. From the fulness with which every branch is treated, the number of the illustrations, and the beauty of their execution, Mr. Nunneley's work may be said to be one of the completest manuals of a branch of physiology extant, and although perhaps there is no division of surgical science that has been more copiously treated than the ocular, no surgeon's library can be considered perfect that does not contain this volume. As the author very properly and modestly points out in his preface, new matter is not so much to be expected in a work of this kind as a careful collection of ascertained facts and opinions which have been strengthened by constant experience. The very nature of the subject excludes speculation, and it is enough for the student if he find what is known and ascertained.

*The Magazines.*—Before proceeding to point out what seems most worthy attention in the magazines of the month, let us congratulate Mr. Bentley upon the first number of his new *Quarterly Review*. Those who predicted a failure in this will certainly have to admit that their conclusion were too hastily arrived at. The tone of the new review is strong without being either dull or abusive, and is readable without flippancy. There is no apparent attempt at "glaring writing," and the choice of subjects betrays the presence of learning and refinement. We believe that a prevalent report as to the editor being in the peerage is devoid of foundation. The opening article on "English Politics and Parties," is a striking and well-written review of the present position of politics, siding with no party, but criticising all. The criticism of Mr. Gladstone's "Studies of Homer" is strictly and fairly appreciative. One of the best articles in the number, however, is that on the Currency and the Commercial Crisis. It displays a considerable and, generally speaking, accurate knowledge of facts and theories; but surely the writer has not a perfectly clear idea of the principle of Sir R. Peel's famous Bank Act when he states it to have been merely to maintain the convertibility of the note. The main principle—which, in fact, comprehends the other—was that of making fluctuations in the quantity of money identical with what they would be if the currency were only gold. The writer considers the result of the Parliamentary investigations to be confirmatory of the wisdom of the Act; and, consequently, that the Act "will stand." But he forgets that a law which is understood to be ready to be laid aside whenever it is really wanted, is already repealed. The article is on the whole sound and well written, and has no serious fault but that perhaps of being a little behind time. The article on "The Prospects of Art in England," is also an exceedingly good one.—The *Westminster Review* (John Chapman) opens with a picturesque sketch of Yorkshire, by a hand that knows each riding thoroughly *au fond*. The essay on the Morals of Trade reads to some of our manufacturers and tradesmen a severe but well-deserved lesson upon practices which approach and, in some cases, pass the boundaries of fraud. The review of "Adam Bede" is another notable article.—The *London Review*.—The subjects treated this month are for the most part rather stale ones. What, for instance, can be said against the very first sentence of the opening article, in which the writer admits that it is high time to notice the first volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilisation"? Among the other articles are reviews of the Life of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, the Memoirs of Baron Alderson, Goethe's Ballads, &c.—The *Journal of the Statistical Society of London* (J. H. Parker) is another quarterly publication full of subjects of technical importance, and yet far from being devoid of general interest. There are some valuable electoral statistics of the counties and boroughs of England and Wales, of peculiar interest at this juncture; also some most interesting particulars respecting the Woollen Manufacture of England, and Mr. Chadwick's paper on the progress of the principle of Competitive Examination, read before the Economic Section of the British Association, at Leeds.—The *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology* (John Churchill) is also published quarterly, under the editorial superintendence of Dr. Winslow. After the usual psychological quarterly retrospect comes an entertaining article *à propos* to M. Delepiere's little tractate upon literary madmen, in the Transactions of the Philobiblion Society. The writer ought to have known, however, that *fous* is not properly translatable by the English word "fools." Another most interesting article is on "The Artificial Production of Stupidity in Schools," the writer of which exposes very successfully the stupefying tendency of the prevalent mode of teaching by rote. Other subjects treated are "The

Methods and Statistics of Suicide," "Judicial Psychology in France," "Statistics of Insanity."—The *Eclectic* is agreeably written, but no article seems to challenge special notice or remark.—*Bentley's Miscellany* offers its usual *mélange* of comic and serio-comic, but never serious reading. "Dashwood's Drag, or the Derby and what came of it," is a smart though somewhat slangy sketch. "Magic and Mystery" is a readable paper, made up out of Houdin's Memoirs; and "Breaking the Ice," after the "style of an American Poet," is a clever imitation by George Moore, the original of which is not very difficult of detection.—We had thought that we had done with the quarterlies for this week at any rate; but, lo! here comes another, so modest and unassuming in its dimensions, that one might pass excused for mistaking it for a monthly. The writing in No. XXVI. of the *Scottish Review* is very creditable to its producers. There is an essay upon Masson's "Life of Milton;" another on "Clerical Life on its Dark Side;" and a third on "The Modern Pulpit," all of which will repay perusal.—The *Assurance Magazine and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries* for this month contains some valuable papers upon subjects of purely technical interest. That on the determination of the rates of premium for assuring against issue, by Mr. Archibald Davy, and Mr. Miller's paper on specific and average policies are excellent and highly important.—The *London University Magazine*, No. I. (Walton and Maberley) is the first issue of a new series of the *University Magazine*, and judging from a hasty perusal of its contents, its contributors can, at any rate, boast of the gift of versatility. They can boast, however, of more than this; for, as we have had occasion to remark when commenting upon the former series, there is a freshness of style and a vitality quite invigorating. In issuing the prospectus of their new scheme the conductors avow their main object to be the creation of a bond of union between the members of the London University. Referring to the versatility and catholicism in taste which seems to pervade the editing, it may be pointed out that the first article is a grave dissertation upon Rawlinson's "Herodotus," and a few pages further on may be found a letter on the need of luncheon-places in the West-end.

We have also received *Man, his Creation, Preservation and Immortality, or Past, Present, and Future.* By James J. Mortlock. pp. 205. (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—A rhapsody.—A *Catechism for Candidates for Confirmation.* pp. 24. (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—The second edition.—*Parliamentary Reform.* pp. 64. (Routledge.)—The speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered on the introduction of the Bill, Feb. 28.—*The Universal Decorator.* (G. Vickers.)—A very useful and well-got-up serial, exclusively devoted to the decorative arts in all their branches.—*Men Groan from out of the City: robbed by the Laws of the Rich.* By John Hawkins Simpson. pp. 46. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—Mr. Simpson, who describes himself as the author of the "Poems of Oisín," intends this pamphlet for a universal regenerator. After reading his pages, we are forced to the conclusion that he is an earnest man with extreme views, and that he views the relative positions of the rich and poor in this country with somewhat of a jaundiced eye. Whatever may be the intentions of the writer of a pamphlet like this, its operation can but be in one direction, and that is towards realising the lugubrious title which Mr. Simpson has bestowed upon this brochure. Belgravia will hear with astonishment that Mr. Simpson's great panacea for setting matters straight is to "Christianize the Upper Classes."—*The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A new edition of a very pleasant and instructive little book for little people. It is exactly the thing needed by those parents who care to feed the early cravings of their appetite for knowledge which we inherit from our first parents, with good and wholesome food.—The *Annual Report of the Manchester School of Art* (Manchester: Cave and Sever) will be commented upon shortly.—As also *The Unity of Art.* By John Ruskin. (Manchester: Sowler and Sons.)—Being the full report of the lecture delivered at the annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art, on the 22nd of February last.—*The Unitarian Pulpit.* No. XXIV. (Whitfield.)—*The Bulwark.* (Seeleys.)—*Davenport Dunn.* Nos. XXI. and XXII. By Charles Lever. (Chapman and Hall.)—Being the closing numbers of this interesting tale.—*A Guide to Typography.* By Henry Beadnell. No. VI. (Bowering.)—*A Lesson to Waverers and Seceders.* (William Skeffington.)—A letter from the Rev. W. Chillingworth, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, more than two centuries ago, to a friend who had wavered in his faith; and now put forward as a lesson to those who are likely to fail in the same way.—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys.* No. II. (Bosworth and Harrison.)

*Notes and Queries* calls attention to the absence (as yet) of any monumental record of the resting place of George Herbert, the younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cheshire, rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and author of the beautiful "Remains." We are glad to find, from our contemporary, that effectual means are being taken to repair this omission. "He lies buried," says Izaak Walton, "in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a gravestone without any inscription." This, the very small old church of Bemerton, is falling into utter decay, and is quite insufficient to meet the wants of the present population. Some persons who revere the memory of George Herbert have taken the opportunity thus afforded to endeavour to raise a worthy and most appropriate monument to the memory of so good a man, by erecting a new church (thereby affording increased church accommodation to the inhabitants of Bemerton) on a site adjoining the existing small building, which, for obvious reasons, it is not intended to remove. A great portion of the necessary funds have been collected, the rector of Bemerton, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, and Mr. Sidney Herbert having been amongst the largest contributors. The first stone will be laid by the latter gentleman on the 9th of April.

A Paris correspondent states that the Emperor sent M. de la Guéronnière to M. Lamartine, desiring him to say that he intended to propose to the Corps Legislatif a vote of 100,000 francs (4,000*l.*) a year to be paid to Lamartine during his lifetime. The poet refused, begged M. de la Guéronnière to request the Emperor to give up any design of the kind, adding, "I should be obliged to refuse the sum, if voted, for I cannot recognise the Emperor merely because he makes his power serve my convenience, having refused to acknowledge that power when it oppressed me in common with my fellow-citizens." [We hope that this is true; but as the poet has already, and in the eyes of the whole world, accepted the Emperor Louis Napoleon's subscription to funds collected for him, we fear that we must doubt it.]



## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

TO TAKE THE CROOKED STICK AT LAST is a locution which has frequently received illustration at the hands of the fabulist and story-teller. La Fontaine, it may be remembered, in a fable represents a heron indulging in a river-side stroll. First he saw a carp, and then a jack, both dainty bits, which he might immediately have made personal property, but the silly bird thought he should wait until he had a better appetite. The heron was an orderly liver, and gave the digestive organs fair play. After a while, when his appetite came to him, he returned to the stream in the delightful anticipations of a banquet; but both carp and jack had disappeared, and the few tench that were disporting themselves near the surface were not at all to his mind, and he turned up his bill contemptuously. "Tench for me?" not to be thought of. The despised tench disappeared, and in their turn came certain gudgeons. Worse and worse. "Gudgeons! are these food proper for a heron? God forbid I should open my mouth for such fry as these." For poorer fare he had to open his bill before retiring to his nest for the night. His entrails were pinched by hunger, and he had to sup upon a single snail. The same pleasing author brings before us a young girl who had exaggerated notions of her beauty, and would have a husband young, handsome, and wealthy. She had scores of wooers, but none was to her mind. One was too old, another was ugly, a third was dull in the brain, a fourth wanted breeding, and a fifth a title. Some she made jest of, and all she rejected. Age, meanwhile, was creeping upon her, and the mirror told her, "take a husband soon." And she did take a husband who was neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor titled, but a regular crooked stick. M. Jules Lachelin, who occasionally dips his pen into satiric ink, and who can point a moral under the drapery of a fine wit, must have had the fables of his countryman before him when he indited "Contre celles qui ont le goût difficile. Boutade en vers." The young ladies of the day are, perhaps, harder to please than were their grandmothers. They aim at high game:

Voulez-vous leur offrir un mari de leur goût,  
Il faut en épuiser la liste jusqu'au bout.

To one they object his figure, to another his birth. But if this stupid now were a duke, a marquis, a count, and were he to propose, his stupidity would be overlooked. It is the titled throng that has the art of pleasing our high-flying damsels:

Pour eux le doux sourire, et les tendres faveurs,  
A leur moustache en croc, où se prennent les coeurs,  
Ils savent joindre l'art d'ajuster à leur glace  
Le nœud d'une cravatte, et porter avec grace  
Un habit de Renard, le tailleur en renom, &c. &c.

M. Jules Lachelin counsels his fair countrywomen to demolish their castles in the air, to awake from the dreams of heraldic blazonry, and to surrender false hopes of being engrafted upon some ancient genealogical tree, and concludes his *boutade*:

Si vous voulez qu'un jour l'amer sillon des larmes  
N'effeuille votre cœur, dérobez-vous aux charmes,  
Si vos illusions, et de ce trône altier  
Où règne votre orgueil, qu'il faut enfin plier;  
Descendez quelquefois à la source si saine  
Vous mirer au cristal brillant de la Fontaine!

Several curious pieces have recently been edited by M. August Aubry, under the generic title, "Le trésor des pièces rares et inédites." The last which has appeared, printed, for the first time, from a MS. of the age, recently discovered by a bibliophile, who signs himself P.D., is the "Procès du très méchant et détestable parricide Fr. Ravaillac." Every one knows the crime of Ravaillac, which inspired universal reprobation and horror; but this tiny volume casts a strange light upon the savage manners of the time. A butcher presented himself to the Queen, and proposed to her to have Ravaillac flayed alive. He affirmed, hoping no doubt to flatter the desires of Mary of Medicis, that he had discovered a process by which one could be made to live a long time in this state, and leave him sufficient strength, after being despoiled of his skin, to endure still greater tortures. Another person, Balbany, the inventor of cisterns of a new kind, had imagined, with the same object, a sort of a machine in the form of an obelisk, the effect of which would be to press the wretch, and cause him the greatest agony without causing him to lose his strength. He showed it to M. Servin, one of the judges; "but," says the *procès-verbal*, "the court has not thought it proper to use other torments than those usual on such occasions." The account of the execution of Ravaillac is enough to make one shudder. It is detailed with a minuteness which makes the flesh creep.

There is a prejudice which consecrates some historical names that must have had its origin on logical grounds, though we cannot always make such clear. Thus Elizabeth was "the good Queen Bess," though some have made her out a vixen. Charles was a martyr, though some have made him a right-royal hypocrite. Penn was a brave spirit in spite of Macaulay; and Washington was a patriot notwithstanding that he wrapped up his copper change carefully in a bit of paper, and sent back to the ferryman for the farthing he had overcharged him. There is not a character in history who has not been properly estimated for the evil or the good that was in him, and

this, had one time, it would not be difficult perhaps to demonstrate. Alexander was great, Julius Caesar was ambitious, Richard was a tyrant, Robespierre was a demon, though there have not been wanting writers who have endeavoured to reverse the judgment of their contemporaries. Mary Stuart was beautiful and unfortunate, and it was M. Dargaud's "Histoire de Marie Stuart," which has attained a second edition, that suggested these reflections. It is in vain to prove that Mary was an erring, sinning woman. If she was, she is still the Mary Stuart who will live in song and legend, and who will have her admirers and idolators in spite of all the stern facts of the historian. M. Dargaud's work is delightful reading. He has visited all the scenes of the life of the Scottish queen—her bowers, her palaces, her prisons. He gives a living interest to his narrative, and one is unwilling to break the charm of a pleasing picture by demanding of himself, "Is all this really true?"—Frédéric Bodenstedt has written "Les peuples du Caucase et leur guerre d'indépendance contre la Russie." At least, such is the title of his book as translated by the Prince E. de Salm-Kyrburg. It is a curious book this, and one which will amply repay perusal. There is a singular chapter of retrospective history, which explains how "the sacred Byzantine-Muscovite tree, whose branches actually extend over a population of sixty millions of men, first took root in the Russian territory;" in other terms, how Christianity established itself in Russia under the reign of Vladimir the Great, or Vladimir the Saint. Vladimir, was he great or was he saint, undoubtedly was an unredeemed savage brute, who cut off heads as freely and with as little compunction as one would chop off with his walking-stick the heads of thistles. It was necessary, thought his neighbours, that he should be converted to some religion upon political grounds. The Bulgarians made the first advances, and proposed to him Mahometanism. Vladimir had no end of concubines, and a decided *penchant* for polygamy; but circumcision was not at all to his mind. Besides how could he forbid the Russians the use of wine and pork? Mahometanism was not to be thought of. Next, it is related, came the Jews, who pleaded in favour of their worship. As soon as they spoke of circumcision Vladimir shut their mouths. However, he asked them: "Where is your country?"—"At Jerusalem." "Do you inhabit it?" The Jews pulled long faces. "God," they replied, "enraged with our ancestors, has scattered us over the whole terrestrial globe." Vladimir showed them the door rather brusquely. After the Jews came the delegates of the Pope. The Grand Duke testified his esteem for their precepts, but declared that they would never suit his people. At length came the Greek philosopher, Constantine, sent out by the emperors of Constantinople. Vladimir demanded to be instructed briefly in his religion. The barbarian had no taste for dogmatical creeds. Constantine's lesson was as short and simple as needs be. He showed him a picture, representing the Last Judgment, wherein the damned were seen in tormenting flames, and the elect seated on radiant clouds. "Happy," said Vladimir, with a sigh, "are those on the right; wretched indeed are those on the left!" Constantine was loaded with honours, and Vladimir resolves to turn Christian on the first occasion. Meanwhile he sent ten wise and intelligent men into Bulgaria, and to Rome, and to Constantinople, charging them to study well the religious practices of these different countries. On their return the deputies made their report, which is very characteristic, but rather too long to give here. The pith of it was, the Bulgarians have a sad and pitiful service. They all stand, without girdles, in a mosque devoid of ornament. After a reverence they squat on the ground, and behave as if they were seized with madness. Their *stupid* religion does not inspire the heart with any consoling sentiment, and never raises the heart towards God. At Rome, it is true, divine service is better organised, but it wants order, the harmonious chant, and the riches we have seen among the Greeks. The deputies reported in glowing terms of the service of St. Sophia, where they felt themselves transported as with the joys of Heaven. And then they prayed: "My Lord, we can no longer live in our darkness, and we pray you to permit us become *Greeks and Christians*." In listening to this discourse, "the bowels of Vladimir were stirred; and, as the hart pants after the water brooks, he aspired to the sources of holy baptism." And thus sixty millions of men embraced the Greek religion. The author furnishes us with a portrait of Schamyl; but, as the Iman of late years has been so often presented to the public, it must by this time be pretty familiar with his features, and consequently we forbear to quote. He is now sixty-one years of age, but is still hale and hearty, and passes in prayer, fasting, and reading the Koran, the time which is not devoted to public affairs.

In former times the receptions of the French Academy constituted an event, and interested as much the Court as the town. It was at such seasons that the Parisians were treated to the satire, the epigram, the quip, the crank and every form of literary utterance which spite, spleen, or wit could vent itself in. Some twenty years ago even, we are told that the public sittings of the French Academy, though very serious and stilted, were attended with a certain degree of curiosity. At the present day they have ceased to attract

aristocracy, and even the literary world. Indeed there are those who say—those especially who have no hopes of ever being elected one of the forty—that the Academy has outlived itself, that it does not belong to the age, and that if it were dead and buried no one would miss it. The other day, however, there was a great gathering under the dome of the College of the Four Nations, to witness the reception of M. de Laprade, the author of "Psyche," and various lyric poems. He has succeeded to the *fauteuil* of the lamented Alfred de Musset, who was a poet every inch of him. M. de Laprade is known but to a *coterie* however, and it was the astonishment of many how he came to be elected to the vacant chair. His *éloge* on de Musset has since been published, and you can judge from it as to the quality of his prose. M. Vitel, who had to reply to M. de Laprade, evidently considers his colleague as no vulgar fustian or prunello. He soared aloft with the velocity of a Montgolfier balloon, in phraseology essentially French, and which it not easy to render into intelligible English: "Your poet's heart, so capable, inhabits for ever the ramparts of granite and snow, from which you see, on the banks of your Rhone, shining from afar the dazzling peaks. . . . You mount the highest summits, and it is there where your muse delights herself. She is there in her true kingdom, which does not prevent her at her need from descending into the plain, to stop before the modest flower, to listen to the gentle murmurs, to the sweet songs of the birds, of the leaves and the winds, in a word, feeling nature and blessing her author in his delicate marvels or in his gigantic creations. . . . You hover in the regions of the sun, with an ever-certain wing." It is clear that M. Vitel considers M. de Laprade an eagle, and as far as we are concerned we can have no objection. M. Vitel has surnamed M. de Laprade the "Poète des sommets," and possibly it may stick to him. He has further pronounced the following lines of the poet as being worthy of all admiration. Let the French scholar judge of the quality of the verses for himself:

Plus haut, toujours plus haut, vers ces hauteurs sereines  
Oh les bruits de la terre, où le chant des sirènes,  
Où les doutes railleurs ne nous parviennent plus;  
Plus haut dans le mépris des faux biens qu'on adore,  
Plus haut dans le combat dont le ciel est l'enjeu;  
Plus haut dans vœux amours; montez, montez encore  
Sur cette échelle d'or qui va se perdre en Dieu.

Excelsior! excelsior! M. de Laprade!

#### ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

*The Modern Italian Drama.*

Rome, March 5.

GREAT NATIONAL MOVEMENTS or public vicissitudes can scarcely fail to operate, for good or evil, on the literature of the stage, because there is naturally sought, rather than in any other literature, either an outlet for the effervescences of feeling or a means to stimulate the interests connected with national questions. Probably no crisis in the political life of a country possessing anything like a national theatre could be passed through without results to its character or influences, such as, I believe, have been peculiarly verified in the last ten eventful years for Italy, as public events and tendencies have affected the Italian drama. A feeble, half-exotic class of productions, a repertory made up either from foreign mediocrities or lifeless antiquities moulded on principles condemned by the good taste and common sense of the day, such had been, generally speaking, the inherited portion of the Italian theatre, though it cannot be denied that signs of life occasionally appeared, from high-minded and high-aiming writers, in such contributions, subsequent to the time of Alfieri, as those of Monti, the two admirable, though not theatrically successful tragedies of Manzoni, and several by Niccolini, that must remain on the list of classics. The late theatrical seasons in Rome have brought before the public of this city so many noticeable and favourably received novelties, that one cannot follow the series of these dramatic developments without becoming convinced of a new life, or, at least, a movement that promises such, in the drama of Italy. True, in this, rather than any other country of the Peninsula under ecclesiastical government, there reigns in theatricals a law of *convenances* and proprieties the most rigorously enforced, so that few subjects from national history can be adapted to a theatre so restricted. For the same reason that the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" is only allowed to be performed under another name in Rome, various themes must be eliminated and territories left unapproached to avoid offending the susceptibilities of authority; but what elsewhere may be published and acted, here, if not allowed to pass muster for representation, may, at least, be read under a censorship, which rarely interferes in any walk of the imagination or higher literary description. St. Thomas Aquinas acknowledged capabilities for moral usefulness in the theatre, even such as it existed in the thirteenth century; and the Papacy, it may be remembered, has within recent years pronounced itself in a degree favourable towards the stage, as it never had done in equally decisive terms before Pius IX. occupied its throne. It was in November, 1853, that his present Holiness created a commission with the object of exalting and purifying the dramatic literature of these States, by periodical examination of all new original works presented, and adjudication of prizes to such as best approved themselves by the union of moral with literary merits. The announcement of this in the official paper, signed by the Vice-Senator, Don Vincenzo Colonna, further signified that competitors might preserve the incognito or not at pleasure, and that their productions would be transmitted to the judges after being first examined by the Deputation of Public Spectacles. Long before this, another enlightened Pontiff, Benedict XIV., who accepted the dedication of Voltaire's "Mahomet," had addressed a letter to Maffei on the subject of that learned writer's interesting work, "Dei Teatri Antichi e Moderni," declaring his desire to see the theatre morally reformed, and belief that such

object might be attained; and one of the most nobly virtuous men that ever wore a mitre, St. Carlo Borromeo, laboured to effect a renovation of the theatre in his Milanese diocese, not without success, under most unfavourable circumstances. In Rome private theatricals are allowed during Carnival at almost all the colleges with resident students, even those for exclusively ecclesiastical education, as the English and the Propaganda; and the operatic performances by the students of the great Polytechnic school and hospital, San Michele, under the presidency of a cardinal, are celebrated here for their beauty as originals, composed expressly often for the superior vocal skill, natural and acquired, which the young students display on these occasions during Carnival. The opera, indeed, still retains a supremacy, and goes far to eclipse the national drama on all Italian stages. The houses appropriated to national drama are well attended, especially on festival nights (save those of peculiar solemnity that prohibits their opening), and on all the ordinary Sundays, the favourite evening for play-goers here, the consequence of which indulgence, to a very theatrically inclined public, is that Sunday nights in Rome are quiet and decorous, with no more disorderliness in the streets than any other nights. Can the same be said respecting metropolises where such supply of popular amusement is forbidden? The intention of the Roman Catholic Church is to keep the Sunday much rather as the festival of the Resurrection than as the Jewish Sabbath; hence she forbids no amusements that are licensed on other days for this. And may it not be that confusion of ideas has resulted in some countries, under opposite influences, from confusion, or, at least, inadaptation of language? In the Italian and Spanish the term for Sunday implies "The Lord's-day," and Saturday retains its Jewish designation; therefore, would the simpler population of these southern regions be equally amazed by a preacher holding forth to them on the proper observance of the Sabbath as by his denouncing the sinfulness of seeing a play or listening to military music in public places on the Sunday.

Observations of this nature suggest themselves naturally to us the morning after an entertainment in one respect unique for Rome. The performance of a new tragedy on the evening of Friday, the day hitherto set apart by immemorial usage here for suspense of all public amusements, even by the band music in the Pincian gardens; in fact, just as strictly observed, in these particulars, as the Sunday in Scotland. The exceptional procedure is to be accounted for only as founded on sanction (still more remarkable) from the highest authority here, Signor Massi, Professor of Eloquence at the Sapienza University, already known as a dramatic writer of some success, had again come forward in this walk with a subject of the Biblical class, founded on a story in the book of Maccabees, his tragedy in blank verse, "Razia," being semi-sacred, semi-profane, with a hero designed expressly for the distinguished actor, Tommaso Salvini. The merits of his work were acknowledged by the management; but some green-room difficulties springing up and causing delay, the author had boldness to conceive hopes that a vacant evening might be assigned when his production would not interfere with any others in the repertory, nor his benefit clash with the demands of any other claimants. Permission was sought, objections were raised, but Pius IX. eventually yielded to his prayer, on condition that the precedent should not be presumed on for any similar applications. "Razia" was therefore acted to the astonishment of the public on Friday night, with impersonation of the principal characters by Salvini and Mme. Cazzola admirable beyond praise. Having a seat in the first *galleria* (as is called the lowest tier above the pit, corresponding to the stage-box), I had the closest view, allowing minute study of every varying intonation and play of features, that impressed me, in the performance of these two artists, as one of the finest things I have ever witnessed on the tragic scene. The heroine is the wife of Judas Maccabeus, whose father is Razia, a venerable and almost inspired patriot, of enthusiastic temper, blending the prophet and political deliverer, religious in his patriotism, sublime in his opposition to tyranny. The fall of the Greek usurper, Demetrius, slain in battle, and the triumphant return of Maccabeus from exile to the embraces of his wife and child, after the deliverance of his country, while the high-souled Razia is expiring, slain by his own hand on the steps of the sanctuary in order to defend it from profanation,—such is the combination forming the catastrophe to this really effective tragedy, which abounds in majestic declamation, with many scenes of intense interest, and bursts of indignant poetry, and whose style is not spoilt by that sesquipedalian pomp or affectation of purity often rendering Italian blank verse insufferably tedious. The lyric chant is introduced in two acts, once in a strain of patriotic anticipation and rapture from the aged hero, which Salvini declaimed with truly thrilling emphasis. And nothing could be finer than that actor's manner in resisting the attempt of the oppressor to violate the temple, or than his death scene, with the prolonged struggle between emotion and anguish, as he expires in the arms of Judas and his daughter. Several energetic lines, conveying sentiments against oppression, devotedness to the fatherland, or the spirit of sacrifice *pro aris et focis*, were received with incipient applause, which it was evidently the intention of parties present to check; but the success was altogether triumphant, the intervals between acts being almost one tumult of applause, the actors called for after every fall of the curtain (a bad habit too common in Italian theatres), and the author (a quiet-looking elderly gentleman, who seemed more modest than elate) having to show himself at the end not less than six times.

It would require too much space only to enumerate all the novelties contributed to the theatre from different Italian countries during the last few years, and I can notice merely a few of those whose public success I have witnessed, whilst attention may be called to the remarkable variety in the style, design, and aims of recent productions in this walk—the general departure from the worn-out classic models, as well from the stern rigidity of Alfieri as the mannered prettiness of Metastasio, and preference for the romantic (though not exactly understood in the German or English sense), the boldly independent, or fashionably modern and socially familiar.

"Abimelech" is another Biblical subject in form of a five-act tragedy, by Ippolito d'Asti, lately brought out for the first time, with marked success, at the same theatre here; and so finely presented by the two



artists above-named that honours had to be about equally divided between author and actors. Its hero (see the book of Kings) mounts the throne after sacrificing the lives of his brothers all except one, who has evaded murderous snares, and finally returns to rouse his countrymen to war and freedom, and the punishment of fratricidal usurpation. The prolonged death-scene of the tyrant presented a terrible picture of remorse and evil passions struggling in dizzy horror at the very edge of the unknown abyss, powerfully worked up by the author, and presented by Salvini with effect quite appalling. Altogether the performance fell rather heavily on the attention, and the incident seemed sterile compared with the length of dialogue, the declamation rather inflated, though in some passages indignant energy and religiously earnest emotion are finely conveyed. The appearance of a large *idol* (very ugly and quite contrary to archæologic authorities) on the ascent of the curtain in one act, seemed rather to enrage a Roman public.—Totally different in design and object, though also in poetic form, is the dramatisation of the familiar but ever favourite theme, "Torquato Tasso," by Giacometti, acted with marked success at the Metastasio house here. The first three acts adhere pretty closely to what is believed, at least reported, as to the poet's life at the court of Ferrara, occasionally reminding of Goethe's exquisite treatment of the same story, only that the character of the Duke is more odious, and the love of the Princess less affecting because less subdued. Her ravings in the fourth act, made to end in a death-scene, struck me as sentimentally commonplace to a degree not inappropriately set off by the conventionalities of costume and dishevelled hair, that excited recollections of *Tilburina* "mad in white satin." Afterwards follows Tasso's death-scene at the convent in Rome, written with pathos and finish, but which might be more poetically impressive if less painfully minute and despondingly prolonged, with that sort of study on the physiology of death as an art subject, that seems to be a reigning fashion in the acted drama, objectionable on more grounds than one. Some spirited passages in the earlier scenes gave Salvini (as Tasso) opportunities for fine bursts of unexpected transitions—as the unmasking and denouncing of the basely treacherous courtiers; the assertion, briefly and grandly, of the innate dignity pertaining to genius confronted with the claims arising from state and station alone, and the magnificent reprisal against the Duke on his imputation

of madness.—"David Rizzio and Mary Stuart," by the Count Amato da Brenna (enviably romantic name!) recently brought out with but partial success, was repeated after the first night, here. One is often amazed, and never need be more so than in this instance, at the liberties taken with history by certain Italian dramatists, who seem to assume that the "pensive public" must, like good children at school, receive everything on their magisterial authority. Thus, in the above-named prose tragedy, is Rizzio, after improvising an epithalamium on the Queen's marriage with Darnley, created Minister of Home Affairs; then, after disappearing in a pet, brought forward at the camp in Fifehire, where Mary herself is directing military operations against a rebellious movement; and, at the crisis when the cause of monarchy is tottering, who should interfere to turn the tide of tremendous battle by deeds of incredible prowess, according to established usage of *preux chevaliers*, but the Italian secretary? As bound by laws of romance, he rushes into the action with visor down, and there presents himself, as her deliverer, to the Queen, in glittering plate armour and white mantle, like a Knight-Templar, waiting the decisive moment for uncovering his helmet and plumed head, of course to make terrible inroads in poor Mary's heart by this additional claim! Notwithstanding these new readings, the tragedy is, on the whole, effective, in some scenes of deeper interest, and the movement is well sustained throughout. The dialogue where the Queen implies, without actually owning, her love for Rizzio, was affecting; and the principal actors made much of the scenes when Mary enters at a banquet to find Darnley intoxicated, hears him grossly insult the doomed favourite, who draws his sword against the King, is ordered to be arrested by herself on the spot, but only preparatory to her declaration, given with dignified emphasis by the actress (*La Cazzola*) never again to admit Darnley as resident in her palace. The murder-scene is only historic in the one fearful incident, though well conceived, and on the stage sufficiently terrific; half dragged, half decoyed from Mary's presence, the unfortunate Italian returns wounded and dies at her feet, and receives the unreserved declaration of her love. It was finely acted; but there rose in my recollection that gloomy narrow chamber, those dusky stains on the floor at Holyrood, with impressions of tragic reality more profound than all this mimic working up and embroidery of historic horrors could create.

## THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

### THE DRAMA.

SINCE OUR LAST REPORT, two dramas of considerable pretensions have been produced. The one a five-act romantic play, ambitiously written and poetically conceived; the other a three-act comedy, not pretentious in its literature, and not powerful in any way; yet the comedy holds on its course successfully, drawing good houses every evening, and the poetical play has ceased to be performed and the theatre at which it was produced is closed.

For every why there is a wherefore, and it may be interesting to seek the causes of success and non-success, in some respects as a critical exercise, and in some degree as an exposition of actual and relative merit, and the operation of taste. Just after our last publication Mr. Falconer, the lessee, manager, principal actor, and only author to the Lyceum Theatre, produced a blank verse complicated play entitled, "*Francesca, or a Dream of Venice*." If printed as performed it will fill a goodly volume; and founded on the Sheridan Knowles style, it is a close imitation of the poetical, passionate, rambling dramatic poem of our ancestors; abounding in characters, full of vehement emotion, overflowing with dissertations on the passions, on human life, and on everything under the heavens and on the earth. Such affluence of subject was never thoroughly well managed but by one writer since the style began; yet, as there is a superstitious admiration of the method, as the very summit of English dramatic excellence, there are always enthusiasts to be found who will try the pen of the great dramatic magician, and who as often get their fingers blistered for their rashness. What powers it requires to produce such a drama as "*Twelfth Night*" or "*As you like it*" need not be dwelt upon now. The form has been a thousand times mimicked, but the matter and style have never been thoroughly reproduced.

Mr. Falconer has certainly not succeeded in his "*Francesca*," although he has sought to be as poetical, passionate, and philosophical. For thoughts, however, we have clouds of words; for interesting situations, violent and improbable combinations of circumstances; for closely defined characters, impossible amalgamations of motives and feelings. Yet even these errors might pass with a British audience if the passion were but partially true and moderately forcible, and there were a comprehensible story distinctly enunciated in a series of stirring incidents. "*Francesca*" lacks these common but necessary qualities. Out of endless talk, and a crowd of babbling performers, we find a passionate woman loving and defending a man who has rejected her at the altar, and disgraced her in the full sight of all her kindred. The plot depends on an incident if true not likely; and which it may be well doubted is a weak invention of the author. It is supposed that a Venetian young lady kept her face masked during the wooing of her lover, and that he never saw it until he was at the altar and about to be married. Such was the statement at the Lyceum theatre; and thus it is that the hero, *Antonio Foscarini*, courts *Francesca* in ignorance, and finds, when she unmasks, that she is a lady whom a certain profligate friend, *Leonardo*, once brought, *incognito*, to his house. He has, at the moment of this discovery, a letter put into his hand, saying that she not only intrigued with *Leonardo*, but had had him assassinated to conceal her guilt. *Antonio*, at once, and without assigning any reason, repudiates *Francesca* at the very altar. Hence ensue intense hatred on the part of the father of *Francesca*, a greater than the Doge, being the ruling power of the Council of Three; intense grief, but increased love on the part of the lady, and violent antagonism and

rebellion on the part of the hero. At length the state and craft triumph, and *Antonio* is condemned and brought to the block. Here is a fine position for a vehement Italian lady desperately enamoured, and she compasses impossibilities, reasons with and convinces the Venetian senate, bribes inquisitors, and arrests the progress of the executioner; conquers all but her inexorable father, but the hand of fate is stronger even than the chief ruler of Venice, and a timely death on his part leaves the lovers to mutual bliss.

It is useless to pursue this matter further; the interest of such a story was frittered away by the author's insatiable love of utterance, which poured like a rainy day upon everything that comes in its way. We could be satisfied to sit four hours in following such a performance, and to spend four more in noticing it, could we hope its fate would be a warning to dramatists. But that is a vain hope; and we fear not only from the same repertory, but from the desks of many cracked-brained admirers of the old drama, we shall have many pieces that will pass through the same ordeal. Mrs. Charles Young acted the heroine with great energy, but we are surprised that an actress who must know so much of stage effect should have turned herself in such a bewildering situation.

Let us now turn to the successful comedy. The name is "*Everybody's Friend*," the place of production the Haymarket Theatre; the author Mr. Stirling Coyne. The stern young critic, fresh from his Terence and Plautus, filled with the criticisms of Aristotle, Lamb, and Hazlitt, sits loweringly at the back of the boxes, and severely scans the words "new and original comedy." Perhaps not in the best of humours that the untimely hours of the theatre have called him away from a pleasant dinner, he is inclined to be severe. Such a one will be as certain to underrate the real merits and capabilities of a play like Mr. Coyne's as the flippant *habitué* of the stalls, whose mind is stored with the memories of bad old plays, immoral vaudevilles, and abortive attempts to paint nature in the delicacy of truth, will be certain to overrate it. A new and original comedy, says the younger critic, should convey new views of life and society; should have new developments of character, new combinations of feeling, original jokes, and fresh objects of satire. He carefully watches "*Everybody's Friend*," and finds in Mr. Featherley (Mr. Charles Mathews) a gay, careless man of fashion, the Mr. Careless of Cibber's comedy and the Sir Charles Easy of modern time modified. In Mrs. Featherley (Mrs. C. Mathews) he discovers a mixture of old forms of housewifery and fashion. In Icebrook (Mr. Compton), there is the old type of the bashful man who is dumb before his mistress. In Major Wellington de Boots (Mr. Buckstone) there is a reproduction of Major Sturgeon, with an impossible amalgamation of caudour and humbug. In Mrs. Wellington de Boots (Mrs. Wilkins) there is a combination of Lydia Languish and Mrs. Sneak; and in Mrs. Swansdown (Miss Reynolds) the old compound of the gay, fascinating, dangerous daring, widow, who has done duty this hundred years in modern comedy as a match for the second young man of the piece. He watches the incidents with unsparing acumen, and finds they are not compatible with real life. Gentlemen of fashion do not carry about Angola cats in cages; ladies of fashion do not dance the poika like ballet girls; gentlemen do not attitudinise, as Icebrook does, like pantomimic clowns, when they make love; and no man, much less a military man, could walk about unconcerned, and in the same society, after having his nose pulled violently. Furthermore, he will urge that the said nose-pulling is not a fine stroke of humour; and that a red-hot set of whiskers and a coat to match are not enough to

form a humorous character. That wit does not consist in commonplace sneers at love and matrimony, nor in catching up an opponent at every word, and putting a false meaning on what he says. All this and much more the stern, young, and uncorrupted critic says; and he is surprised at the roars of laughter from the audience, at the vehement applause, at the cordial approbation of the actors, and at the genuine and earnest call for the author. He denounces public taste as degenerated. Well; perhaps he is right. But, be that as it may, the world will have its way; and folks pay at the door, we are afraid, more to see something to their taste, than something which they ought to admire. On the other hand, the causes that produce such plays and such applause should not be forgotten. He knows that the dramatist has had to flit the actors and actresses; that he has to gain the applause of the audience, to satisfy the manager, and to conciliate a certain amount of criticism. He cuts his curious coat according to the cloth, and makes his strange pie with the materials to his hand. The actors can only do certain things with effect; the audience are ignorant of stage history, and take the characters and the jokes without inquiry as to their originality—they are new to them. The manager only demands a success, however obtained; and the experienced critics, he knows, will make due allowance for the terrible necessities that impede and perplex the modern dramatist. The result is that tact and cleverness have supplied the place of genius and wit; that the actors have indulged their peculiarities; that the audience have enjoyed themselves in their fashion for three hours with hearty laughter; that the house is filled, and the dramatist is paid.

There has been a complete change of performances at the Adelphi Theatre, the Wigans having concluded their engagement. Planché's *petite* comedy of "The Cabinet Question," probably on account of its name suiting the present conjunction of political affairs, has been revived; and Mr. Hollingshead's excellent character farce, "The Birth-place of Podgers," has resumed its place in the bills as well as the comedy of "Masks and Faces."

### ART AND ARTISTS.

#### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN CONTINUATION OF OUR NOTES upon this exhibition, we would draw attention to Mr. G. Holmes's "Early Morning" (No. 8). It is, in our opinion, a gem when compared with others that are hung on the line, and the place which it occupies is utterly unworthy of its merits; as we have no hesitation now in saying, this little picture is one of the best-rendered portrayals in the exhibition. It is true that there is not much mental force in the choice of subject, but the colour is especially enjoyable; also the general treatment. It is hard to recognise the same artist in his other picture of "Hot Porridge."

Mr. William Salter has three pictures. We have watched this gentleman's works narrowly for some years, because his *status* as a painter in the public estimation has always seemed a mystery to us, and this mystery has darkened the longer we have studied it, he never having as yet demonstrated any quality that should entitle him to such estimation, save, and that in a minor degree, a sense of colour; but as for drawing, he never knew how to impress a muscle, mark a bone, or insinuate a pectoral. We are bound, however, to admit that for manipulation his large picture this year gives evidence of improvement; so much, indeed, is this the case, that we are lost in amazement at the varieties of executive skill it proves. In the two dogs there are knowledge and force, in parts of the background a distinctness and firmness, and in the tones of the women's neck and bust a cleanliness and delicacy, that altogether challenge the whole of the other parts. The same may be observed of all the other pictures exhibited by him. As, however, the ambitious picture above referred to, "The Confiscation of Sir Walter Raleigh's Estate," exhibits an utter negation of style and a recklessness of manner, let us pause, ere we pass on to Mr. Hemsley's admirable little picture to define what we mean by "style" and "manner." *Style* is an excellence, arising from an elevation and comprehensiveness of perception, conjoined to a capacity for expressing: Paul Delaroche had it. *Manner* is a decadence, denoting an impotent limitation or a contracted habit of "fatal facility." Mr. Salter has it. We have heard some shrewd observers say, "Oh, never mind the means, look at the end." Just so; that is the very reason why we endeavour to limit the question here. *Manner* is *always* a neglect or a vanity, sometimes both. Correggio's handling as a part of style is the finest example known. It is not to be denied, however, that it sometimes gives pleasure, as in the case of Sir Edwin Landseer. Mr. Hemsley's picture is named "Young Nurses," and is a very conscientious, careful, comic work.

We now proceed to the consideration of Mr. T. Roberts's picture. The first (No. 48), is meant to illustrate the following quotation:

On one of these, the lowliest there,  
With heedless joy a child sat playing;  
The fairest flowers growing wild she cull'd,  
With childish glee herself arraying.  
Fit emblem of human life.

This gentleman has capacities for producing commercial pictures. He has great skill in outline, a pleasing perception of colour, and a fair recognition of the other component elements; but he should not attempt to explain his pictures by quotation, because that is apt to become a standard whereby to measure his mental deficiencies; and we are afraid through this process he must be enrolled in the same regiment and under the banner of bathos with Mr. Salter. Though the suavity of his execution in some degree modifies the disappointment resulting from the absence of mental intensity, not the remotest idea has he shown of understanding the metaphysical antithesis in his quotation. It is simply a sad child sitting on a grave; not the slightest indication of "heedless joy" or "childish glee." Now let us try his other picture by first of all describing the sensations it produced in us. Without using the catalogue we took the two principal figures to be the brother and sister of the juvenile Raffaele in the foreground, and in seeking for a solution of the obvious pain portrayed in their countenances, we came to the fact that the elder brother seated at the table had taken something that had disagreed with him, and that the *girl*, his sister, was endeavouring to solace him by urging the sad though necessary pain of his taking an emetic, which the cold-blooded doctor, going down the stairs, was going to send him; and in order that the spectator might distinctly know what was the matter with the lad, the painter had cunningly introduced a picture on an easel—subject, Prometheus with the vulture, to show that the pain arose from heartburn or the

stomach. Now there is a curious quality in the human mind that will sometimes evoke laughter from painful effects, and we having our diaphragm so acted upon, absolutely roared before this picture. When we had rubbed the cachinatory tears from our eyes and given Mr. Roberts credit for being an exceedingly funny man, judge our consternation and surprise to find the following description and quotation annexed to it: "The opinion of the press. 'Mr. — has just left us; he brought one of the public journals containing a criticism on my dear husband's picture, and a letter from —, declining to complete the purchase. . . . Come as soon as you can, for we are in great trouble.'—*Extract from letter.*" We hold Mr. Roberts to be possessed of powers which, if properly used and wisely directed, must inevitably place him on the top rung of the ladder of talent. Thus far it is not presumptuous to predicate; but he must abjure a plan, that by its terse dissonance only makes obvious this inconsequence of object and effect. Satire with the pen is difficult, but with the brush and palette the difficulties are increased in proportion as its means are limited; and in this case "it is an invention that returns to plague the inventor." We earnestly desire Mr. Roberts to remember "*Ne sutor ultra crepidum.*" His drawing (No. 653), "Helping Mother;" and Mr. Smallfield's "Late Supper—Full with Horrors" (No. 727), are decidedly the two best works in the Water-colour Room.

Mr. Woolmer contributes seven works. This gentleman seems to have lost the enthusiasm of study, and consequently of improvement. Profuse in fancy, but limited in imagination, his pictures have all that dreamy quality that especially belong to phantasy; his power over form is extremely narrow, and his love for the prismatic key seems to close his perception against the tender melody of hues and tints; yet his sensibility is so keen, as opposed to sensuality, that he invariably gives you a half-awakened gratification, though he seldom arouses you to a full positive enjoyment.—We have great hopes in the future of Mr. A. F. Patten, for in his large picture (No. 450), from the Arabian Nights, he develops a large amount of conscientiousness, and thoroughly good scholastic education. His knowledge of architecture and material is something quite unusual; and when, by practice, he shall show the same capacity of firmness in delineating the human frame as he does in other parts of the picture, we may fairly augur the happiest results. The crouching girl is perfectly exquisite.—The enervating effects of Mr. R. Buckner's utter want of manly study, displays itself more glaringly every exhibition. That a man with such gifts should lower himself down so as to be a mere manufacturer of "prettinesses in portraiture," is not alone a subject of regret, but a warning.

Of all the gentlemen who have made the most decided progress in the field of landscape art, we must especially enumerate Messrs. Gosling, Vicat Cole, Waineright, and Cole. Mr. Gosling exhibits no less than ten pictures, all more or less showing such considerable improvement that we cannot but offer him our sincere congratulations; he evinces more care and more luminousness, and consequently less "slap-dash."—Mr. Vicat Cole has nine works, a little timid in chiaro-oscuro, but exhibiting great tenderness and delicacy of observation. The foreground (No. 32), "Spring Time," is particularly worthy of observation and praise, from its keen attention to individual parts, and collective value as a whole, though our chiefest favourite is "A Summer Incident" (No. 82).—Mr. Waineright's five works, with one exception, prove a wise tendency to rest upon his own perception, and to show its advantage he makes an impression from their force of originality, instead of causing a regret by urging comparisons between himself and Cuyyp; his two pictures in the large room are really admirable.

Mr. Cole's advancement is proved by greater care in herbage and less rankness of colour, which formerly had a look of vulgarity. The door in the "Interior of a Welsh Cowshed" is one of the most remarkable pieces of perception and rendering we have ever seen; we question if, taken altogether, this artist has ever produced a better work.—To the above number of gentlemen we had thought to have added the name of Mr. Pyne for his picture of "Genoa," but we find the canvas dated 1852; so that to give Mr. Pyne all the praise he merits "he must, like a crab, move backwards." The picture has no claim to *vraisemblance*, but is nevertheless a fine dream.

Mr. J. P. Pettitt is "simply the honestest man in Illyria." We know of no man who exhibits such self-sacrifice, unreserved labour, and simple honesty. His great work this year (No. 87)—"The Torrent-sculptured Bed of the Conway, North Wales"—is a geological volume of intense observation, carried out with the firmest of hands and patience; everything is rendered with the certainty of a photograph. Never was the force of special intention more fully carried out; the difference of effect on the beholders will, we have no doubt, be as various as their number. For ourselves, we confess the result is not satisfactory, from the enormous quantity of repeated forms, different though they be; the mind in vain seeks for some repose, and we turn from it, not altogether disappointed, but fatigued, and we go to his less-elaborated with more satisfaction; but still we must confess they all betray a hurtful tendency to blackness. But still anything is better than the constant repetition exhibited year after year by Mr. W. West, who paints now, as heretofore, eight pictures all in the same key of colour and light and shade.—Mr. J. J. Wilson's nine pictures labour under the same objection; and when we state that Mr. Boddington sends seven pictures, our readers will understand how utterly impossible it is that we can write anything new about them.—But there are two landscapes to which we would draw the attention of the visitors to this gallery with all earnestness: we mean Messrs. Whaite's and A. W. Hunt's, respectively marked 387 and 86. Though both are somewhat marred by a niggling execution, they are gems for all that. There is also a perfect gem in oil in the Water-colour Room, and that by a lady, Mrs. R. Collinson (No. 652), "A Grassy Bank;" as far as it goes, there is nothing finer in the whole exhibition.

We thought we had omitted to place one gentleman amongst the names we began the notice of the landscape painters with, and we are glad to remedy the omission; it is Mr. George Shalders. None have made greater advance, and we are truly gratified to mark so laborious a workman so truthfully advancing. There are three drawings yet that require most honourable mention for the merits contained in them; we mean Nos. 709 and 758, two finished studies of the bed of the Browney, by Newton, and No. 735, "Passing Away," by Miss A. Blunden.

The sculpture had been better away altogether.

This gallery exhibits 829 works; and, taking it for all, we come to the conclusion that it is well worthy of the patronage of the public, and that it contains on the whole better works than have before shown there for five years.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

LAST YEAR, the subscribers to the Glasgow Art Union received an impression of, from a plate engraved after, Webster's "Playground," and this year they are to have, as we have already announced, a print from the same artist's picture of "Punch," which was exhibited and obtained much notice and praise in the Royal Academy Exhibition of the year 1840. The print alone is worth more than the money subscribed, and therefore we may fairly expect that this Art Union will gain a large accession of numbers. To those who did not see the picture at the time it was exhibited, it may be interesting to know that "Punch" represents the exhibition of the itinerant raree-



show to a rustic audience. The group consists of many figures, and exhibits every gradation of age from wondering infancy to tremulous old age, and every variety of expression, from the open-eyed gaze of the child to the shrewd grin of experience. Of its class this is certainly a very clever picture. Whether that class is or is not of a high order is another question. At any rate, this fine print will be popular, and it deserves to be.

Report says that the statue to General Havelock, to be erected at Sunderland, near his birthplace, has been given to Mr. Behnes.

To-day Messrs. Christie and Manson's skill will be exerted in the disposal of 222 of the most remarkable "speculative lots" it has been our good fortune to witness for a long time. Surely there will be joy in Wardour-street—222 pictures, and certainly not twenty of them entitled to the names they bear!

During the week ending April 2, the visitors at the South Kensington Museum have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3,490; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3,290. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 642; one students' evening, Wednesday, 109—total, 7,540. From the opening of the Museum, 8,407,111.

It is perhaps worth while to ask once a year why Baron Marochetti's "Cœur de Lion" and the West-end statue of the late Sir Robert Peel are not forthcoming. Can the rumour be true that the statue committee would rather that it never were erected; nevertheless "some goodly thousands" have passed into the Baron's hands, and we have no results.

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to an exhibition in the German Gallery, New Bond-street, which consists of some 169 oil and water colour pictures by that deservedly esteemed member of the old Water-colour Society, David Cox. This exhibition serves two purposes—pleasure to the beholder, and service to the great cause of charity, inasmuch as the surplus receipts over the necessary expenses will be handed to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

We wish to draw especial attention to one of the illustrations in this month's issue of the *Art Journal*: we allude to the engraving after Clarkson Stanfield's picture in the Royal Collection, entitled "Vieira." "Age cannot wither nor custom cloy" Mr. Miller's power with the graver, for never has he before achieved a finer result. It is in every way worthy the painter's and engraver's fame. The sky is a perfect marvel of machine rendering. This number is further enriched by some exceedingly interesting autobiographical notices by E. V. Rippingall, being the first of a series.

The following six new purchases have been placed in the National Gallery: 1. "St. Dominic as the Instructor of the Rosary," ascribed to Marco Zoppo. 2. A small expressive picture of "St. Francis contemplating a Crucifix," by Filippino Lippi; both from the Costabili Gallery at Ferrara. 3. A picture representing the "Dead Christ," with other figures, by Marco Palmezzano. 4. "The Madonna adoring the Child sleeping on her lap," by Marco Bassiti. 5. "The Madonna and Child," by Giambattista Cima de Conegliano. 6. "A Bust Portrait of a Lady," by Battista Zelotti. Besides the above accessions to the examples of the older schools in the gallery, a very carefully-finished picture by a living painter of Belgium—"The Blind Beggar," by Dyckmans, of Antwerp—has been added to the pictures in what is called the Flemish Room. It is a bequest from the late Miss Jane Clarke, of Regent-street.

Our correspondent "N. W." returns to the charge in reply to Mr. Hammersley's letter in the *CRITIC* of the 26th of March:—

Your correspondent, Mr. Hammersley, disarms me from any justification of my remarks upon Mr. Ruskin's lecture, on the ground of its being "an exceedingly meagre and imperfect report," although, as far as it goes, I presume it to be correct; but, with your permission, crave a line or two in answer to Mr. H. himself, who, in explanation, says that "being clever, facile, smart, and showy, is an easy passport to a ready and successful popularity." Possibly it may be so; but what popularity, "noisy popularity," ay, and even "money popularity"—what "early world-recognition" has equalled that of the leading members of the Pre-Raphaelite school, whom Mr. Ruskin has so much lauded? That they are clever there can be no doubt; but are they smart, facile, and showy, or have they so early in their practice discovered the only way of doing things rightly, and so amalgamated all the "single principles" enumerated into one way? "Surely this is [not] clear enough." Great praise is due to those gentlemen for their teaching, but let them leave popularities and reputations to the world's decision. In conclusion, I may say that I derive no consolation from the statement of the Manchester students deriving "great good thereby," however much I may from the lecture itself in its more complete form. N. W.

There has been inaugurated at Carlisle a statue to the memory of James Steel, who was twice mayor of that city, proprietor and for many years editor of the *Carlisle Journal*. Few men in Carlisle enjoyed a larger share of the confidence and respect of their fellow-citizens than James Steel; a man of an eminently practical mind, sagacious, and far-sighted, he was looked upon as the impersonation of honesty; to this was added a kind and genial nature by which he won a large circle of warm and earnest friends. The father of Mr. Steel was a handloom-weaver in very humble circumstances, who apprenticed his son to a printer in Carlisle, from which condition he raised himself to the distinguished position he occupied at the time of his premature death. The statue is the production of Mr. W. F. Woodington, in every way worthy of the man, and bold and vigorous as a work of art.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts held its third conversation on Tuesday evening, at the Gallery of French Artists, Pall-mall. There was a very full attendance of members and visitors, owing, no doubt, to the announcement that M. Silvestre would read a paper on the French school of painting. Unfortunately M. Silvestre had received a command to wait upon the Emperor, which prevented his leaving Paris on Monday as he had intended. However, the evening was passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Hutton gave a poetic recitation, which was received with warm applause; after which, during the interval before the concert, the collection of pictures by French and Belgian artists, kindly thrown open by the directors of the gallery, afforded great gratification and ample subject for conversation. In the musical entertainment, Madame Enderssohn and Mr. J. G. Parry were the principal singers, and sang several pieces, English and Italian, with great success.

"The question of erecting a monument to commemorate the war in the Crimea is," says the *Gazette de France*, "again under consideration, and several plans of monuments have been submitted to the Government."

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE MUTATIONS of dynasties and governments continually taking place, and the consequent disorganisation of existing systems, it is gratifying to know that Mr. Gye holds securely the key of the palace in Bow-street, and that, true to announcement, the doors were opened to the public on Saturday. In olden times, it was presumed that no person of any pretensions either to taste or fashion, could honour the opera with his countenance until after Easter, and the natural consequence was that the early part of the season resembled a rehearsal with open doors, a sort of preliminary series, when mediocre performers faintly amused mediocre audiences. But the world is on the move. The introduction of new artists, who stand well in European musical

history, to assist in the opening campaign is, to our thinking, a very wise policy, as it strengthens an already rich summer programme with a spring burst of goodly promise. For a first night the manifestations were all that a manager could desire; established favourites were warmly recognised, and the strangers welcomed with a hearty joy. "Trovatore," the opera selected, has now no novelty to recommend it, since the "vengeful gipsy" has been represented everywhere, and by almost every company laying claim to the lyric art throughout the musical universe. Its repetition on Saturday, however, invested it with a fresh interest, from the circumstance of its being the vehicle for introducing Mme. Lotti della Santa as the heroine *Leonora*, and Sig. de Bassini as the *Count di Luna*. In the Russian capital, Mme. Lotti has been lauded to the skies, and her successes have been waited on the wings of the wind into every Continental circle that seeks an interest in musico-dramatic matters. Sig. de Bassini, although ranking in this instance as a *débutant*, is not wholly unknown in London, as some few years ago he held a prominent position at her Majesty's Theatre. Mme. Lotti hardly comes up to the standard which due north reports had led us to expect. Her voice is remarkably fresh and brilliant, rich in the middle register, and when the music lies in that register, it comes out fluently; she attacks passages situated in the upper portions of the scale with great vigour, and almost invariably without failing; still there is a great want of neat and distinctive execution in the more florid movements which the music of *Leonora* so frequently exacts. There is this merit in the vocalisation—she renders her organ subservient to the dramatic purposes of her art, and there is an earnestness displayed in every situation. Mme. Lotti should be looked upon as an artist playing for a large stake. It must not, however, be understood that she can grasp the most distinguished laurels now; she is young, and has much to do—something to undo. The applause received at the conclusion of the "Tacea la notte" was genuine and hearty, and as she proceeded, her confidence strengthened, and her execution, which at first appeared to waver from nervousness, gained in certainty, and her acting in fire. In the fourth act, that which exacts most largely from the actress as well as the singer, she extorted general applause; and at the fall of the curtain was summoned to the footlights. Mme. Lotti has already made an impression, and we have faith in her for yet greater achievements. Sig. de Bassini is a positive acquisition to the Covent-garden *troupe*. For the well-known "Il Balen" he received an encore; there were several dissentients, but the ayes prevailed. The remembrance of Graziani in this song had evidently the effect of preventing a unanimous recall. Mme. Nantier Didie assumed her old character of *Azuena*, and rendered it so terribly impressive and energetic, that we were frequently reminded of the possibility of a passion being torn to tatters even when portrayed by an artist of acknowledged skill. Sig. Neri Baraldi impersonated the Troubadour in that smooth, careful, and painstaking manner so characteristic of all he undertakes. At the conclusion of the opera the National Anthem was attempted. Mme. Lotti, the principal, not being very well up in this good old English ditty, read the first verse from a book. Were we to assert that "God save the Queen" is oftener "muffled" at great lyric establishments than in less distinguished places, the expression might excite surprise; but there is nothing like speaking out the truth with boldness, and saying that on Saturday it was by no means a model performance.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union commenced a series of afternoon concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday. Music of this description appears to be undergoing the process of revival, although it must be admitted that it will never be so fashionable as it once was in the country that so successfully cultivated it. London can, nevertheless, boast of a few influential protectors, such as the Conventores, the Round, Catch, and Glee Clubs, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union. These societies are all looking forward to a time when the wheel, which is constantly turning, will bring the glee and madrigal round again, and those lovely works that formerly had so many charms for society will be restored to their station in the list of refined and innocent pleasures. The glee is the offspring of the madrigal, and the madrigal owes its birth to the motet; the church is the parent of them all, and is accused by those who have no relish for English harmony, of having transmitted her gravity and gloom to her latest musical descendant. Whether the programme of Monday was constructed to dispel such an idea or not we cannot say, but in this afternoon's entertainment, instruction and delight were happily blended. Without going minutely into the merits of each piece as it started up in its "programmial" order, it is sufficient to say that the tender and the quaint, the simple and severe styles, alike met with the most commendable treatment. The ditty of the olden time, in which Weekes provokes his neighbours to dance their shoe-soles off in their exuberant joy around the May-pole, and Bishop's modern and better known "Fisherman's Good Night," earned a most emphatic encore. Another feature of interest consisted in a spoken prelude by Mr. Oliphant, a gentleman "thoroughly up" as an annotator in this branch of musical art. A very wholesome although gentle castigation was administered to those part-song writers of the present day, who pretend to have been inspired with precisely the same ideas, and who have expressed them pretty much in the same way as their ancestors. An old book, forged out from some unexpected hiding-place, is at times a very awkward witness. As, however, we have never wanted a succession of good composers to sustain our island fame, from the days of Wilbye down to the present, we hail with delight any society raised for the purpose of giving their effusions to the public in a correct form. The principal vocalists on Monday were the Misses Wells, Eyles, Spiller, with Messrs. Cumming, Barnby, Young, Wallworth, Lawler, &c. These were supported by a professional choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Land. Taken as a whole, the initiatory performance of the London Glee and Madrigal Union may be regarded as one of unqualified success, that is, if the approbation so freely awarded by a large and intellectual auditory be indicative of it.

Beethoven's Concerto in C (No. 1), Mozart's Symphony in D, and a Fantasia based on Scotch airs by Benedict, formed the staple source of instrumental attraction at the last Saturday meeting of the Crystal Palace. The latter was composed expressly for Miss Goddard, and performed on this occasion for the first time. Such was its success, that a repetition followed. To the vocal portion we can award but trifling praise. It had the merit of contrast. Mme. Rosina Pico sang "Ah, quel giorno," and "Chi dura vince," and Mr. Henry Haigh, "The Flower of Ellerslie" and "Who shall be fairest;" the audience were good-naturedly disposed to applaud anything, and Mr. Haigh in consequence came in for a fair share of favour. Despite the ungenial aspect of the weather, there was a larger attendance than at any other of the Winter Series.

A concert in aid of the fund for reconstructing the organ of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, was given at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday. In order to carry out this praiseworthy object, a long string of artists rendered a gratuitous service on the occasion. The programme had a strong element of the glee and madrigal in its system, and for such music, few fitter exponents could have been found if the wide world had been searched over. Although placed late in the evening, a part-song—the production of Mr. James Coward, organist at the Crystal Palace—"Take thy banner," came in for a large and meritorious share of applause. The Misses Banks, Poole, Wells, Jefferys, Wilkinson (a *débutante*), and the choir of Westminster Abbey, aided by other professionals, did the duty of vocalists, while Miss Rea, Herr Louis Ries, and Mr. J. Williams added no

little to the entertainment by their command over "pipe and string." Mr. Turle and Mr. Higgs acted in the capacity of conductors.

The third and last *soirée* of the Musical Union took place on Tuesday at St. James's Hall. Miss Jenny Meyer, from Berlin, was the principal vocalist. Among the instrumental pieces were a quartet of Haydn's, a duet of Beethoven's in F for pianoforte and violoncello, and a quintet of Mozart's. The chief executants were M. Remenyi, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, Herr Pape, and Sig. Piatti. Sig. Andreoli presided at the pianoforte.

No success could have been more complete than that which signalled the eighth meeting of the "Monday Popular Concert" establishment at St. James's Hall. Such names mingled as Bach and Handel, have in them attractions of an irresistible nature to the lovers of the strictly chaste and profoundly classical. Nor is the charm confined solely to the erudite in the art. The film that has so long stood between the object of vision and the beholder, is gradually losing its compactness; and as the process of dissipation goes on, the gorgeous images conjured up by these Titans of the eighteenth century are more or less discoverable. Although the style of this illustrious pair is essentially different, yet their works when placed in juxtaposition shed a fresh halo of glory. Bach at an early period of life had rendered himself so perfect a master in composition—had grown into such musical proportions in the executive department of his art—that he dwarfed everything that came within his scope, and was able to crush all around by the might of his hand. It is to the master-works of Bach that the present age may turn to advantage, in the contemplation of excellence in its loftiest degree. Bach is a composer who never submitted to the smallest compromise with the public taste—to the slightest modification of his own exalted ideas to suit the fancy of an impatient and uninstructed multitude. To him, therefore, is the debt due for a true foretaste of what art is destined to produce when its capacities and ends are better understood than at the present day. Handel's notes have outstripped those of his countryman. The sublimity by which this great composer's works are peculiarly characterised will continue to engage the admiration of the world so long as the love of harmony itself shall exist. We repeat that the names of Bach and Handel, either singly or conjointly, have attractions so irresistible that little surprise can be manifested at the large influx of visitors on Monday last. The programme was judiciously framed. In the first part Bach was represented, and in the second, Handel. The only difficulty in its construction must have arisen in determining what flowers to cull from such rich fields, where the choice was so various and their bounds so vast. Mr. Best "led off" by playing a grand pedal fugue in G minor. This, though bristling with difficulties, was performed in a manner that won for the organist a recall. Miss Arabella Goddard, who seemed to luxuriate in the "Fuga Scherzando," and a grand fugue in A minor, was successful beyond all precedent; and Sig. Piatti provoked an almost equal amount of enthusiasm in a prelude, saraband, and gavotte, for violoncello with a pianoforte accompaniment. Last year Professor Sterndale Bennett made the public more familiar with Bach's "Passion Music" by introducing it at a concert of the Bach Society. On the present occasion selections only could be made. Mr. Santley sang the principal air, "Give me, oh! give me back my Lord;" Miss Malah Homer "Although mine eyes with tears o'erflow;" and Miss Dolby another air, "Grief for sin." In the second part Handel was represented by the same lady in an aria but little known, from the opera of "Admetus," the "Cangio d'aspetto." Mr. Santley declaimed from "Alexander's Feast" the "Revenge of Timotheus," and in conjunction with Mr. Wilbye Cooper, the beautiful duet from "Acis and Galatea," "Love in her eyes sits playing." A chamber duet composed for the step-daughter of George I., between Miss Moss and her instructress Miss Dolby, "Tanti strali al sen mi schocechi," followed, and last not least, a brilliant performance from the well-known *suite de pièces* in E major by Miss Arabella Goddard. The above prominent items, performed throughout in a most irreproachable manner, rendered the Bach and Handel night one of especial note and remembrance.

Whether the performances of the Vocal Association are eminently successful or otherwise, no one can charge the executive with want of vigour in the prosecution of original designs, or with supineness in the production of novelties. At the fourth dress concert on Wednesday evening, at St. James's Hall, a portion of Mendelssohn's posthumous opera of "Lorely" was repeated, and the "Ave Maria," by general desire. Two new marches by the same illustrious composer and a "Birthday Cantata" by Mr. Lindsay Sloper were also introduced for the first time. To illustrate the chief vocal points in this portion of the programme, Mme. Catherine Hayes and Miss Dolby were engaged, while Mme. Anna Bishop and Mr. Tennant assisted in giving due prominence to other choice fragments scattered through the bill of particulars. Mr. Tennant appeared immediately after the overture to "Oberon," with the recit. and air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, Angels." From the rarity of hearing this gem from "Jephtha" the singer made an evident impression, as the recit. was extremely well declaimed and the air effectively sung. A duet of a totally opposite style—"Serhami ognor," from "Semiramide," sung by Mme. Catherine Hayes and Miss Dolby—exhibited two artists of high and finished acquirement in the florid school. Mme. Anna Bishop's choice "Infelice" was a much less triumph. Mr. Lindsay Sloper's cantata is not a very captivating affair. It opens with a chorus of tenantry, who celebrate the birth of an heir, and, being primed with good old October, they are made to shout lustily under its potent influence. As a set-off to this, a band of guardian angels "from the palaces by Eve" echo back the joy, and weave a chain around the cradle of the young visitor. The child's fortunes are predicted in alternating choruses of tenants and angels. A solo is given to a soprano (Mme. Hayes), "Though the primrose bank," and another to a contralto (Miss Dolby), "Oh, never say that Love is gay." Both were admirably sung, but in neither case was any startling effect produced. The finest portion of the composition is pressed into the concluding duet and chorus, "Give him conquest just and proud." This birthday cantata has at least the merit of not being prosy. Mr. Lindsay Sloper stands in a prominent rank among pianoforte professors, and deservedly so; but we fail to discover any promise of a like eminence in the branch of composition to which he has thus recently turned his attention. The two marches by Mendelssohn were written for a military band at Düsseldorf. Mr. Benedict conducted, and the hall was, as usual, fully and respectfully attended.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

SIR WILLIAM DON took his benefit at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, the 1st inst. The *Daily Express* says that at the conclusion of the farce of "The Rough Diamond," Sir William, at the unanimous call of the audience, came forward, and made a truly droll extempore speech, in which he thanked the audience for the friendly aid they had previously given "this long boat," as he called himself, "when first it was launched in public." At one part of the oration the audience were convulsed with laughter at the "eccentric baronet" pointedly thanking a gentleman for "a hearty cheer;" and on the sequel (for it was nothing more) being repeated, Sir William said, in really comic tones, "If that individual will send me his name and address, I'll give him a free admission to the gallery to-morrow night."

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort visited the Adelphi Theatre on Monday evening.

The *Jewish Chronicle* states that the Musical Society of London, which numbers nearly 1,100 subscribers, 900 of whom are practical musicians, and consequently is probably the largest in existence, counts many Jewish members. On casting a glance over the list of honorary fellows, eight in number, we were surprised to find that half of them were Jews, or of Jewish origin. Meyerbeer, Ernst, and Joachim are within the pale of Judaism; and the fourth, who, we believe, forsook the religion of his fathers, is Herr Moscheles. Surely there must be something in the Jewish mind congenial to the musical art since there are so many co-religionists distinguished either as composers or musicians.

The rooms of the Literary Institution, at Sherborne, Dorset, were crammed to suffocation on Tuesday night, to hear Mr. Macready read "Macbeth," in aid of the fund of the Associated Institute. With a few prefatory observations Mr. Macready introduced the play, which he ranked as one of the finest productions of the Great Bard. He read it nearly in its entirety, and notwithstanding that he had suffered severely from a cold, and had been confined to his house, the hearers were gratified by occasional exhibitions of physical energy springing from out that subdued tone and classic emphasis which alone are expected in a reading. His clear conception of the various characters placed the story of the play before the hearers as plainly as would a simple narrative. The indecision and remorse of "Macbeth" were finely delineated, but it was in the masculine strength of mind, and the taunts and reproaches of *Lady Macbeth*, that we thought the reader achieved his crowning success. At the close of the reading the Rev. W. H. Turner, of Trent, rose and expressed the obligations of the company, not only for the delightful treat he had just afforded them, but for the benevolent feelings which had dictated it.

The *Edinburgh Courier* gives an account of a rehearsal of the Edinburgh choruses to be performed during the approaching Handel centenary commemoration. This section of the monster chorus consists of 250 singers, who, for the last two months, have been most carefully trained by Herr Kuchler, under whose guidance they have attained a precision in time, and a truth and steadiness of execution, most creditable to their own diligence and the tact and skill of their conductor.

A troupe of Italian *artistes*, under the direction of Mr. Willert Beale, are now performing with nightly success at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Amongst the leading members of the corps are Mme. Grisi, Mme. Viardot Garcia, Mlle. Sedlatek, Sig. Graziani, Sig. Lanzoni, Sig. Corsi, and Sig. Mario. Not only have these distinguished *artistes* appeared in those compositions which for many seasons past have formed the *répertoire* of the London opera-houses, but through their instrumentality Mr. Beale has had the privilege of introducing Verdi's "Macbeth" to a Dublin audience before it has been represented either here or in Paris. The Dublin papers speak in the most enthusiastic manner both of the opera and the performance; and as to Mme. Viardot (who played *Lady Macbeth*) the *Daily Express* remarks—"Of this lady too much cannot be said; not even Ristori could equal her, while she far excelled her only rival in being truthful without exaggeration." Sig. Graziani's *Macbeth* is alluded to in corresponding terms; and altogether the production is said to be a most laudable precursor of what we are shortly to expect in London.

A Paris correspondent announces that a new piece by George Sand has just been accepted by the Gymnase. It was read the other day by M. Montigny with considerable success; but changes were suggested, which will be carried out before the piece is put upon the stage.

Meyerbeer's new opera, in three acts, "Le Pardon de Ploërmel," the *libretto* by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, has at length been produced at the Opéra Comique with the most complete success. In the overture and introduction, Meyerbeer has attempted the novel feat of endeavouring to convey an idea of the events which are anterior to the rising of the curtain, while in the three acts which follow there are too many original features and picturesque beauties to be described in any other than a minute and critical analysis. The success of the work was perfect, and, after the principal *artistes* had been recalled, Meyerbeer was summoned before the curtain and heartily applauded.

A *propos* of this performance another correspondent says: "I know nothing more provoking than the course adopted by most of the Parisian theatres immediately before the production of a great novelty. To begin with, the house is previously closed for some three or four nights, in order that due effect may be given to the last rehearsals. Then there is another *relâche* for a final rehearsal, which had not previously been calculated upon. Then the opening performance is postponed a whole week, for reasons only known to the manager. Then, perhaps, an actress or actor charged with a principal part falls ill, and of course the representation of the long-promised work is again postponed. At last, when the public are beginning to grow worn-out and disgusted, indifferent it may be whether they ever see the expected novelty or not, it is definitely announced with its full cast, and the long and tiresome delay is put an end to. This is exactly how the Opéra Comique has recently acted with regard to the new opera of Meyerbeer, which has been so long in preparation. A week ago this piece was positively to be played on Monday last. On the previous Wednesday and Thursday the house had been closed for rehearsals, and everybody expected that the work would be forthcoming on the day announced. But, no. Difficulties, it seemed, had arisen at the last hour. There was a hitch in the machinery. Effects had to be produced in such rapid succession that, without special management to prevent it, a breakdown on the first night seemed unavoidable. New arrangements, accordingly, had to be made, and a further postponement of the new opera became necessary. Now the 'Pardon de Ploërmel'—for that is the rather strange title of Meyerbeer's last work—is positively to be produced to-night. There is no mistake about it. The bills are all issued, the gratuitous tickets distributed, the reserved places hired."

#### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

##### MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Mr. J. P. Lacaita, a Neapolitan gentleman who is well known in English society, delivered the first of a course of ten lectures on Modern Italian Literature at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, on Saturday. The first lecture was purely introductory, and contained a rapid sketch of Italian literature from the revival of letters down to the middle of the eighteenth century. After describing very ably the rise of the vernacular language of Italy out of the *debris* of Latin, mixed with the foreign elements introduced by the tribes which invaded Italy either from the north, as the Lombards; or the south, as the Saracens, Mr. Lacaita went on to divide the early literature of his country into three main periods: the first being that of the *trecento*, which ended with Boccaccio about the year 1370; a brilliant period in which the great triumvirate, Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, shone as great lights. This period was followed by an intermediate period, during which vernacular literature slumbered during the *quattrocento*, only to awake with renewed life and vigour about 1480, when Lorenzo de Medici, Politian, Ariosto, Macchiavelli, and the other great luminaries of the



*quinquecento*, which ended with the death of Tasso. With the death of Tasso came a long period of degeneracy and decay, during which Marini and his followers, whose motto was that poetry was poetry if it merely produced wonder and astonishment in the reader's mind, led the way to every extravagance that could shock natural feeling and violate good taste. Thus one of them could find no better description of the moon than "the omelette of Heaven;" while Marini himself described the condition of the blessed after death as that of a well-stalled steed with loads of hay and corn. With this account of the *secento* and the *secentisti*, Mr. Lacaita brought his lecture to a close. It was delivered entirely without note, and was one of the most fluent and well-sustained discourses to which we have ever listened, affording another proof of the rare facility with which a foreigner who really takes to England and the English may learn to express his thoughts in our language. The lecture was very well attended, and will be repeated every Saturday until the course is finished.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—Wednesday, April 6.—Peter Graham, Esq., in the chair. The paper read was "On Embroidery by Machinery," by Mr. George Wallis. The author began by giving an outline of the early history of embroidery, which was, in fact, the most primitive mode of textile decoration, and was associated with the progress of civilisation and refinement in most of the nations of antiquity. The invention of it had been attributed by Pliny to the Phrygians. In mediæval times it had been largely carried on in Europe, and the English embroidery was then very highly prized. Some of the most remarkable modern specimens had been produced in Turkey, many of which were shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Passing to the more immediate subject of the paper, the author mentioned that the first idea of the embroidering machine originated with M. Heilmann, of Mulhouse; this had since been considerably improved, and was now extensively employed in the establishment of Messrs. Houldsworth, of Manchester. The leading principle of the machine in the production of a pattern was that of a pantograph, by which a given form was copied to a fixed scale. Mr. Wallis described in detail and illustrated by diagrams and a large collection of specimens, the construction of the machine, and the method of working it. Each machine was usually worked by three young women and two girls, and they were now principally employed in producing furniture fabrics. The principal advantage of the machines over hand labour appeared to be the rapidity, accuracy, and excellence of work in the production of repetitions of the design in borders, flounce, and trimmings for dressers; and the perfect embroidery of a pattern on each side of the fabric, or in case of window-curtains, table-covers, and trimmings for upholstery purposes. The author pointed out the particular kinds of embroidery for which the machine was more especially suited, and explained how certain difficulties which at first had appeared insurmountable, had been got over. In conclusion, he pointed out that as a branch of factory labour for females none was, perhaps, so healthy, and certainly none was more interesting, while the workers were generally the most intelligent of their class, and the wages were fully remunerative.

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.**—At the meeting held at 5, Cavendish-square, on Monday, Mr. Hyde Clarke, Vice President, in the chair, sixteen members were elected, and the Rev. T. Wiltshire, M.A., read a paper "On the peculiar Formation of the Red Chalk, which underlies the White Chalk, and which is only known in England, where it crops out at Sprocton, in Yorkshire, and Hunstanton, in Norfolk." Boulders of it are, however, found in that curious bed of drift on Muswell-hill. Professor Tennant, Mr. S. J. Mackie, and Mr. Weatherall took part in the discussion. The latter stated that the red chalk drift was very scanty at Muswell-hill and Finchley, and appeared to have come from Hunstanton, by the fossils and deeper red colour. The drift is mixed up with granite from Norway, gneiss, &c.

**ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY.**—A supplemental spring meeting was held on Wednesday at the Gardens in Regent's Park, and was well attended. The prizes were as follow: New plants—1st prize to Messrs. J. and J. Frasers, for *Muschia Wollastonii*; 2nd prize to Messrs. E. G. Henderson and Son, for *Gastrolobium Spectabile*; 3rd prize to Messrs. E. G. Henderson and Son, for *Ancuba Himalaya*; 4th prize to Messrs. A. Henderson and Co., for *Guffinia Liboniana*. Twelve miscellaneous plants—1st prize to Mr. Cutbush, nurseryman, Barnet, Herts; 2nd prize to Messrs. J. and J. Frasers, nurserymen, Leyton, Essex; 3rd prize to Messrs. Cutbush and Son, Highgate; 4th prize to Messrs. A. Henderson and Co., nurserymen, Pineapple-place. Six Cinerarias—1st prize to Messrs. Dobson and Son, nurserymen, Isleworth; 2nd prize to Mr. C. Turner, nurseryman, Slough, Bucks. Six Roses—1st prize to Mr. C. Turner, nurseryman, Slough, Bucks. Twelve Amaryllis—1st prize to Messrs. E. G. Henderson and Son, Wellington-road.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—On March 29, Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., Pres., in the chair, the evening was occupied by the discussion, commenced at the last meeting, of Mr. Jackson's paper, "On the Melbourne Gravitation Water-works."—After the meeting, Mr. Siemens (Assoc. Inst. C.E.), exhibited a machine of his invention, manufactured by Messrs. Guest and Chimes, for joining lead and other pipes, by pressure only. The machine consisted of a strap of wrought iron, in the shape of the letter V, and of three dies, two of which were free to slide upon the inclined planes, while the third was pressed down upon them by means of a screw, passing through a moveable cross-head, embracing the sides of the open strap. The pipes to be joined were placed end to end, and a collar of lead was slipped over them. The collar was then placed between the three dies, and the pressure was applied, by means of a screw-key, until the annular beads or rings, projecting from the internal surface of the dies, were imbedded into the lead collar. The machine was then removed, and a joint was formed, capable of resisting a hydraulic pressure of 1,100 feet. The security of the joint was increased by coating the surfaces, previously to their being joined, with white or red lead. The advantages claimed for this method of joining lead or other pipes, over the ordinary plumber's joint, were the comparative facility and cheapness of execution, as the cost of a joint of this description was said to be only about one-third or one-fourth that of the plumber's joint. A machine of a similar description was also used for joining telegraphic line wires, a specimen of which was likewise exhibited by Mr. Siemens.—On April 5, 1859 (J. Locke, Esq., M.P., Pres., in the chair), the first paper read was "On a new system of Axle Boxes, not requiring lubricating, and without liability to heating," by M. Alphonse de Brusaout. The author described the system which he had introduced, and had applied somewhat extensively, in France, to various classes of machinery in which the use of grease had hitherto been considered indispensable. The new apparatus was described to consist of a series of four, six, eight, or any other convenient number of cylindrical rollers, of the length of the journal, retained at certain distances apart from each other, yet still united by elastic bands of vulcanised india-rubber. The rollers thus united, and placed around the journal, would be set in motion by the pressure of the axle, without the possibility of collision with, or friction against, each other, or of rubbing upon the surface of the journal, or of the bearing; and thus avoiding, as much as possible, any friction or opposition to the motion of the journal. The action of rolling being thus substituted for sliding, there could not be any abrasion of the substances, and lubricating became unnecessary. The machines, so fitted, were stated to work with remarkable ease and steadiness, and to be

set in motion, and the speed to be kept up, with considerable facility.—The second paper read was "On the Permanent Way of the Madras Railway," by Mr. Bryce M-Master, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—At the general monthly meeting on Monday last (William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair), Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.; John Stuart Glennie Esq.; Herbert William Hart, Esq.; James Hopgood, Esq.; John Henry Le Marchant, Esq.; Arthur Giles Puller, Esq.; Charles Ratcliffe, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S.; and William Salmon, Esq., were duly elected members of the Royal Institution. Thomas B. Baskett, Esq., and Hall Rokeby Price, Esq., were admitted members of the Royal Institution. The presents received since the last meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same. The secretary announced that the following arrangements had been made for the lectures after Easter: Seven lectures on the "General Facts and Leading Principles of Geological Science," by Professor John Morris; seven lectures on the "Seven Periods of Art," by Austen Henry Layard, Esq.; seven lectures (in continuation) on "Modern Italian Literature," by J. P. Lacaita, Esq.; the after-Easter Friday evening discourses, will be delivered by Dr. R. Druitt, Mr. Wm. Hopkins, F.R.S., Dr. J. H. Gladstone, Mr. Wm. Pengelly, and Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Faraday.

#### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**AEROLITHS.**—Further communications have been sent in to the Academy of Sciences on the aerolith of Montrejean, one of which, by MM. Laroque and Bianchi, contains an account of various experiments on its magnetic qualities. It appears that, although it is slightly magnetic, it has no polarity. As the mass is composed of three principal ingredients, viz., an alloy of iron and nickel, earthy matter, and lastly the crust, each of these had to be examined separately. A minute particle being set afloat on water, and a powerful magnet presented to it, it will, if magnetic, be attracted. By this mode of proceeding it was found that the magnetic properties of the alloy are equal to those of tempered steel, but without polarity; that the earthy particles are not magnetic, but may acquire that property by the action of heat when sufficiently strong to transform them into a brown enamel, in which case the existence of poles has likewise been ascertained; and, lastly, that all the fragments of the crust are strongly magnetic, in most cases with polarity. MM. Laroque and Bianchi explain the formation of the crust as follows: The aerolith, in passing through our atmosphere, becomes incandescent, in which state a portion of its earthy matter is transformed into enamel as before stated; but this enamel often contains particles of the alloy. Hence it follows that those portions of the crust which contain no alloy have magnetic poles, while those that contain the alloy are not endowed with polarity.

**SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.**—*Galignani's Messenger* says: Our readers may recollect that a few weeks ago M. Pouchet presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences, in which he described two cases of spontaneous generation of plants and insects, and that subsequently Mr. Milne-Edwards, M. de Quatrefages, and other eminent members of the Academy repudiated his doctrine with the greatest warmth, M. de Quatrefages especially contending the air swarmed with the minutest germs and monads of every description, and that all those who were familiar with the microscope must have observed "numerous small spherical or oval bodies, forcibly impressing us with the idea that they are very minute eggs." We gave M. Pouchet's reply to all these contradictions, which reply has been again alternately refuted and supported until the question has assumed a degree of importance which it had not before. With a view to show that the atmosphere is by no means the inexhaustible receptacle of eggs of animalcules, or imperceptible seeds, which his opponents think it to be, M. Pouchet has now sent in another paper to the Academy, in which he describes a series of observations made by him on the dust collected in different places, such as the laboratory of the Museum of National History at Rouen, the interior of the Abbey of Fécamp, the ruins of Thebes, the tomb of Rameses II., the sepulchral chamber of the Great Pyramid, the Temple of Venus Athor at Philæ, &c. He enumerates among the remains of the animal kingdom found by him in dust a vast quantity of indistinctly small insects, silicious infusoria, fragments of butterflies' wings, spiders' webs, &c., and only two infusorial eggs, commonly called kysts or cysts by naturalists. As belonging to the vegetable kingdom, he mentions fragments of cellular tissue, ligneous fibres, the down of various leaves, grains of pollen of malvaceous plants, and some spores of cryptogamous plants, but very few. What he has invariably found everywhere in large quantities is fecula, either of wheat, rye, or potatoes; hence he concludes that a considerable proportion of fecula is mixed up with the particles floating in the air. This fecula, both chemically and physically tested, becomes blue under the influence of iodine, and polarizes light just as common fecula does; and, as its particles have exactly the form described by M. de Quatrefages, M. Pouchet does not hesitate to accuse that eminent naturalist of having taken them for eggs of microzoaria. After this smart hit M. Pouchet proceeds to describe certain further experiments in support of his opinion that spontaneous generation does exist, and that it is idle to attribute the creatures obtained by him in his former experiments to spores or kysts floating in the air. Three grammes of dust at least a century old were heated for five quarters of an hour to a temperature of 215 deg. centigrade (419 deg. Fahrenheit), under an oil-bath; it was then put into 30 grammes of artificial water (which, therefore, being chemically produced, could contain no egg or spore whatever) under a glass receiver. After a lapse of five days, at a mean temperature of 62 deg. Fahrenheit, the receiver was encumbered with kolpodes and other large infusoria. The same thing occurred with the dust which had not been previously heated; hence M. Pouchet concludes that what had been taken for a mass of eggs deposited by the atmosphere was nothing of the kind, for had it really been such, the dust which had been heated could have produced nothing, seeing that at so high a temperature all the eggs would have been destroyed; therefore, as animalcules had been produced notwithstanding, they could not have proceeded from eggs, but must have been generated spontaneously. Another experiment is this: Let 100 litres of air be made to pass through a bulb tube containing two cubic centimetres of distilled water. After the lapse of a week no animalcules or eggs will be discovered, although had there been any in the air, they could not have escaped. If, on the contrary, five grammes of a fermentable substance be placed under a receiver in a cubic decimetre of distilled water, there will appear at the end of eight days innumerable animalcules on the surface of the water.

**PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH BY COLD.**—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts at Edinburgh, this subject was brought forward. A committee had been appointed to investigate the invention, and they report that a lady and gentleman, having occasion to undergo the process, were willing to allow the committee to be present and afterwards to examine them. The apparatus, which had been previously made in the manner described by Mr. Morrison to the society, was fitted closely to the upper jaw in the case of the lady; the margin of the gum, visible betwixt the tubes and the teeth, was perceived to be very speedily blanched, and in the space of less than two

minutes from the commencement of the establishment of the current through the tubes, thirteen teeth were extracted, several of which were sound and firmly attached to the socket. The gentleman had seven teeth extracted from the lower jaw painlessly in the same or even in a shorter space of time. Both patients stated that they felt slightly uneasy sometimes when the gum was being frozen, yet that during the operation no pain was felt.

**NEW PROCESS OF ELECTRO-GILDING.**—The *Universal Decorator* states that Mr. Briant's process, verified by M. Jacoby, was made by him the object of a very favourable report at the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. It consists in the substitution of oxide of gold for the chloride of gold, and in the employment of a very feeble current engendered by an element of Daniell. The following are the details of the process: Fifty-two grammes of gold are to be dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid, and the solution evaporated, in order to obtain the chloride of gold dry, and with as little acid as possible. The chloride is then dissolved in five kilogrammes of hot water, and 100 grammes of well-sifted magnesia added, and allowed to digest at a moderate temperature. The oxide of gold which is separated is found in combination with magnesia. This deposit, well washed, is then treated with water acidulated with nitric acid in the proportion of 375 grammes of acid to 5 kilogrammes of water. By its contact with this liquid the deposit cedes the magnesia, and is then simply hydrated oxide of gold, which is then to be washed on a filter, until the washing water no longer colours litmus paper. It is with the oxide of gold that Mr. Briant proposes to form his bath. He takes of yellow prussiate of potash 500 grammes; caustic potash, 120 grammes; water, 5 kilogrammes; and having dissolved them, the oxide of gold with its filter is added, and the whole boiled during twenty minutes. The oxide of gold dissolves, and there is formed at the same time a precipitate of sesqui-oxide of iron. It is allowed to cool, and is then filtered, by which a yellow liquid, fit for use, is obtained. The objects to be gilt should be well cleaned, and attached to the zinc pole of an element of Daniell, while the upper pole is connected with a platinum plate. The gilding may be effected in a warm or cold solution; in the first case the deposit forms more rapidly, but with less delicacy. In order to obtain a durable deposit, and analogous to fire gilding, several hours are required. When the liquid is exhausted, oxide of gold is again added, by which a fresh precipitation of oxide of iron is produced. The gilding thus obtained perfectly admits of being burnished, and of undergoing all the operations employed to produce mat or dead gold. M. Jacoby makes the following remarks: One of the most difficult problems to solve in this branch of manufacture is the production of dead surfaces. Although we know the nature and manipulation of the process, it is only the Parisian workman who can perfectly succeed in this field; hence it is that these operations are always conducted by French workmen, as well in native establishments as in foreign establishments of some importance. The production of dead gold is always accompanied by a loss of metal, inasmuch as it necessitates a system of corrosion by chlorine. Nevertheless, Briant's process enables a matted surface to be obtained by galvanic agency, which is not inferior to the best of Paris, whilst it does not require any of those subsequent operations of the kind required by fire gilding. This deadening is spontaneously produced as soon as the coating of gold has acquired a certain thickness; it is more beautiful when the operation is carried on in the cold; by a very simple artifice a more or less reddish tint, on the one hand, or a whitish one on the other, is produced; it is merely sufficient to dilute the bath by a greater or less quantity of water. When the objects to be gilded are polished and brilliant, the electro-gilding will also be brilliant, and it requires a longer time and a thicker coating of gold to obtain a deadened surface. It is therefore important to communicate in the first instance, to the objects a deadened surface by the process employed in fire gilding, or more economically, by covering them at once with a thin pellicle of copper by electric agency, which, as is well known, can be obtained with a beautiful matted service. But in both cases it is indispensable to eliminate the last traces of acid which might adhere to the objects; for this purpose they should be washed with water rendered alkaline, and then with pure water. An important point to be considered is the choice of the substance to be employed for protecting the points which should not be gilded—for it must be remembered that the gilding bath is alkaline; for this purpose plaster impregnated with an alcoholic solution of lac is recommended. M. Jacoby mentions another process for obtaining a good electro-gilding. He dissolves a ducaat of rolled gold in nitro-muriatic acid, evaporates to dryness the solution, and dissolves the product in a liquid containing 576 grains of yellow prussiate of potash and 144 grains of caustic potash; the mixture is then boiled during half an hour, after which it is filtered and diluted with a sufficient quantity of water to give to the bath the weight of 340 grammes. After this the bath will be found composed in the following manner: Gold 1 part, yellow prussiate of potash 12 parts, caustic potash 3 parts, water 120 parts.

**FOSSIL FISH.**—According to the *Sussex Express*, some extraordinary specimens of fossil fish have been dug up by a party sinking a well at Mr. Best's brewery, that seem to substantiate Dr. Mantell's theory of this portion of the Weald having been in remote ages the site of an estuary, or the bed of an immense river, previous to the crust of the earth being so perfected as to become the abode of mammalia, and very possibly thousands on thousands of years before it was inhabited by man. The well-diggers under the super soil found a sand rock, extending in depth nearly 10 feet, beneath which they came upon a chalky *débris* in the shape of marl, intersected occasionally by layers of a harder substance. At the depth of 40 feet from the surface they suddenly came on a smooth sand rock, evidently once the bed of a river, for it was here they came upon the fossils, and it is somewhat extraordinary that they should hit upon the specimens found in the small circumference of a well. One of them is a petrified eel, evidently of the conger species, perfect from the lips to the tip of the tail, measuring a trifle over four feet in length, and lying on its belly, with the body slightly undulated, exactly as we see the muscular movements of a dying eel assume when we have severed the upper part of the spine. The other is a perfect petrification of a fish that the writer of this article is not naturalist enough to define, but it seems to be of the salmon species, which the tail and the dorsal fin specify, but the lower part of the body is not so tapering as the salmon, the salmon trout, or the common trout, of the present day. It more resembles an occasional visitor in our brooks, known as the "bull trout," that is shorter and thicker in the body, but in other respects very much resembles the salmon trout. The length of this fossil is about two feet six inches, a size the genera does not grow to in these times, and the depth of the body at the dorsal fin, nine inches. The specimens are really worthy the attention of the geologist and naturalist. We must observe that the fossils are covered with bivalves and other shells, evidently the accumulation of years after the fish, by getting into waters charged with petrifying qualities, met with death.

**EXCAVATIONS AT WROXETER.**—On Wednesday, March 30, Mr. T. Wright delivered a popular lecture at Shrewsbury, on the discoveries made at Wroxeter, which was listened to by a numerous and highly respectable audience, and has increased the interest which these discoveries have excited in the neighbourhood. The excavations during the last few days have brought to light a series of smaller rooms and passages in solid and good masonry, with a remarkably well-executed drain underneath. They seem to have formed part of the

domestic offices of a large dwelling. In one of the small rooms three skeletons were found, one of them seated or crouching in a corner, as though they had sought concealment in this retired part of the house, and been discovered and murdered there. In a passage near this room, where the wall remains about four feet high above the floor, an inscription had been scrawled on the wall with some sharp-pointed instruments, in letters about four inches tall and very straggling, exactly resembling in character similar inscriptions which had been found in Pompeii. Some meddling visitors broke away several inches of the upper part of the stucco in mere wantonness before this inscription could be properly observed, and it is feared that what is left will not admit of deciphering so far as to throw any light on the purport of the inscription. The workmen have directions not to let strangers approach the parts newly opened in future.

## LITERARY NEWS.

**MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND MR. ELWIN** (the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*) have written the following letter, in contradiction of the apparently authoritative statement of facts which appeared in the pages of a literary contemporary.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

SIR,—As you have given currency and importance to a very complacent misrepresentation of the offer we have had the honour to make to the Literary Fund on behalf of a third person, you will, perhaps, favour us with an opportunity of contradicting it.

The statement you have to-day extracted from the *Literary Gazette*, in which that authority, "in the interests of truth, corrects the grave errors into which the journals have fallen," is incorrect in almost every particular. An important clause in our offer of 10,000*l.*, making it available for the ordinary purposes of the society, in case the library should by any accident be destroyed before its inheritance by the Fund, is altogether suppressed. We have proposed but one change in the constitution of the Fund, and it is not a change to which the term "organic" can, with the least propriety, be applied. We have not required that the Fund "shall at its own cost procure a new charter." On the contrary, we have expressed to its managers our confidence that the cost can easily be defrayed by voluntary subscription, and towards such subscription we have already 150*l.* in hand—as we believe, a full half of the whole sum required.—We are, Sir, your faithful servants,

April 4.

CHARLES DICKENS, WHITWELL ELWIN.

A meeting of the members of the King's College Debating and Literary Society took place on Wednesday evening, in the library of the institution: Mr. Alexander, president, in the chair. The subject of the evening's discussion was the "Government Reform Bill," when 73 members voted for the bill, and 37 against it.

It is stated that the copyright, plant, &c., of the *Rath Chronicle*, an influential Conservative journal, has been purchased by Mr. T. Taylor, son of Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the *Mirror*.

Meetings of the Cambridge University Commissioners were held at 6, Adelphi-terrace on Monday the 28th, Tuesday the 29th, Wednesday the 30th, and Thursday the 31st ult., and on Friday the 1st inst. The commissioners present were—the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Turner, the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir Laurence Peel, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Horatio Waddington.

On Wednesday the Senate of the University of London assembled at Burlington House for the purpose of electing examiners in the Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were elected: Arts—Classics, the Rev. J. W. Donaldson, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and William Smith, Esq., LL.D.; Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, the Rev. Professor Haveriside, M.A., and Edward J. Routh, Esq., M.A.; Logical and Intellectual, Moral and Political Philosophy, Alexander Bain, Esq., and Thomas Spencer Baynes, Esq., LL.B.; Political Economy, Professor Waley, M.A.; Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy, Robert Dundas Thomson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; Botany, the Rev. Professor Henslow, M.A., Rector of Hitcham, Suffolk; the French Language, M. Antonio Roche; the German Language, the Rev. Adolphus Walbaum; Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History, the Rev. W. Drake, M.A., and Professor Gutch, M.A. Laws—Law and the Principles of Legislation, Nassau W. Senior, Esq., M.A. Medicine—Medicine, Archibald Billing, Esq., M.D., M.A., F.R.S., and Alexander Tweedie, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; Surgery, Thomas B. Curling, Esq., F.R.S., and Professor Fergusson, F.R.S.; Anatomy and Physiology, Francis Kierman, Esq., F.R.S., and Professor Sharper, M.D., F.R.S.; Physiology and Comparative Anatomy, Thomas Henry Huxley, Esq., F.R.S.; Midwifery, Edward Rigby, Esq., M.D.; Chemistry, Alfred Swaine Taylor, Esq., M.D.; Botany, the Rev. Professor Henslow, M.A.; Materia Medica and Pharmacy, George Owen Rees, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

On Monday night the 47th annual meeting of the Southwark Auxiliary Bible Society took place in the Ladye Chapel, St. Saviour's, which was well filled in every part. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor was to have presided but in consequence of his lordship having sustained a relapse of his late severe illness, John Vickers, Esq., was moved to the chair, and at some length advocated the unrestricted circulation of the Bible throughout the world, and trusted the time would come when not an argosy would leave Great Britain without carrying in its freight the Word of God. He concluded by calling on the Rev. W. Curling to read the report, which stated that during the past year the society had made much progress, and had received increased pecuniary support in all its branches, and the great object now was to prevent them from becoming disunited. From the failure of gratuitous agency they had employed colporteurs, and with the assistance of lady visitors and a Female Bible and Domestic Mission, the social condition of the poor had been much improved, and the circulation of the Bible greatly extended, very few of the poor being now without a copy of the Holy Scriptures. The society had also established a system of lending Bibles, and had commenced an effort to interest the young in the cause, which had been attended with the best results. During the year 4,484 Bibles and 2,180 Testaments had been circulated. The contributions to the society's funds had amounted to 11,441*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*, being an increase of 210*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* on the preceding year; the expenditure leaving a balance of 19*l.* The report was adopted. The meeting having been addressed by several clergymen and gentlemen, the proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

The *Publishers' Circular* gives some important items of literary intelligence. We are sorry to hear from Canada that the Government contemplate imposing a duty of 10 per cent. upon the importation of books. Our Canadian brethren have for some few years enjoyed the privilege of a free entry, under which the demand for English publications has become a consideration to us. Our Montreal correspondent writes: "To our great astonishment our Ministry have now a measure before the House to put a duty of 10 per cent. upon all books and pamphlets. This being an *ad valorem* duty, will press heavily on our English trade, and check our speculations in that line. We are afraid they will carry their tariff. We have (with the other booksellers) made strong representations, but without effect. Our tariff will, if this is passed, be nearly



the heaviest literary tariff in the world. Books, 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; prints, engravings, maps, charts, and globes, 20 per cent. There can only be one opinion among literary people about such a monstrous tariff, and you will at once see that it bears heaviest on the best books."

The mention we (*Publishers' Circular*) gave some weeks back to the views of certain influential American booksellers in favour of a restrictive duty on the importation of English books in the United States, and the expressions it elicited from our press, is quoted by the New York papers, and, there is no doubt, will do something to counteract the feeling. Meantime Congress had declared against any alteration of the tariff, and the United States Government has to provide for the deficiency of the exchequer by some other expediency than raising the duties on imports.

Our New York correspondent, writing under date of the 15th of March, says: "The coming trade sales for this spring will not have the glory of their predecessors; neither of our largest publishers will contribute to them. The Harpers find it to their advantage to make their own special terms to the trade, without the aid of the auctioneer; and the Appletons, I suppose, will do the same thing, as their name does not appear on the list of contributors. You will be sorry to learn the death of Mr. Charles Sampson, of Phillips, Sampson, and Co., of Boston. He was esteemed a liberal, just, and very hard-working man by the book trade generally. He was about 40 years of age. Mr. F. H. Underwood, of the same firm, and one of the editors of the *Atlantic Magazine*, has retired from the business, and from connection with the magazine; and Mr. Bartlett, bookseller, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has just joined the firm."

*A propos* to American treatment of English literature, we (*Publishers' Circular*) are heartily pleased to hear from an authentic source that Mr. Dickens has received substantial offers from American publishers—one securing to him for his new tale as large a sum as he could have expected under the working of an international copyright. This is a step in the right direction, reflecting great credit on the liberality and enterprise of the house from which it emanates. English authors have always received full copyright remuneration when residing in America, the same as American authors have from us when residing in England; but this is the first instance of so large a sum being ventured without any other protection from reprint but that of "moral suasion."

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. announce that they will publish during the present spring: "Memorials of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by Lady Shelley; "Life and Liberty in America," by Dr. Charles Mackay, with eight tinted illustrations; A new volume of Lectures, by Mr. Ruskin; "The Fool of Quality," by Henry Brooke, new and revised edition, with Biographical Preface by the Rev. C. Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, with portrait of the author; "Spanish Scenes," by G. W. Thornbury, with illustrations; "A Curate's Confidences," by the author of "Rita."

Among the new works included in Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's list for the ensuing season are: "Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands," by Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, with coloured illustrations; "Lectures on Art, Literature, and Social Science," by Cardinal Wiseman; "Realities of Paris Life," by the author of "Flemish Interiors," &c.; "The Life and Times of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham," by Mrs. Thomson; "The Jews in the East," from the German, by the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A.; "Nathalie," by Julia Kavanagh, forming the fourth volume of Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett also announce the following new works of fiction: "A Life for a Life," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" "Woodleigh," by the author of "Wildflower;" "A Good Time Coming," by the author of "Mathew Paxton;" "Newton Dog-vane," by Francis Francis, with illustrations by Leech; "A Mother's Trial," one vol., by the author of "The Discipline of Life," &c.; "Through the Shadows," by the author of "Sidney Grey," &c.; "Miriam Copley," by Mr. Jeaffreson; and a new story by the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids."

On Saturday afternoon, as the bell was about to be rung as the signal for closing, her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Princesses Alice and Helena, accompanied by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, entered the new reading-room of the British Museum Library. The presence of the Royal party excited no little interest among the departing readers, and when, after a visit of an hour's duration, her Majesty emerged from the hall, the broad crimson cloth which had been extended from the outer doors over the steps and down to the carriages, was closely lined on either side with students, old and young, including several ladies, who had been anxiously awaiting their Sovereign's re-appearance. Her Majesty, who appeared in excellent health, and who, with the princesses, was attired in the simplest fashion, seemed at the attention offered, and smiled benignantly as she moved along leaning on the arm of the Prince Consort, and on re-entering the carriage bowed graciously to the little crowd of bookworms who had tarried to witness her departure.

The *Nottingham Review* says: "It is almost a rule that the house in which a poet was born has before it, as its ultimate destiny, to become a 'public.' How many instances in support of this position could we not, after a little 'cranning,' quote, and so throw an air of overwhelming learning around this little paragraph. Our only purpose, however, is to say that the building in which Henry Kirke White first drew breath has not escaped the common destiny. The quaint-looking old building in the shambles, at the bottom of Cheapside, where the local poet was born, and where his father carried on business as a butcher, has for some time been a place of beer and pipes. Still, there was no external symbol of the interest attaching to the ancient structure, and the uninitiated might pass it heedlessly in favour of some far more unhistoric hostelry. At length, the spirited tenant has remedied this deficiency, and on Monday week, that being the birthday of the bard, a portrait of the young minstrel was hoisted over the door. Since it first glowed above the entrance not a few have passed for a moment in the midst of their hurried business peregrinations, to read in what year the poet was born, and in what year—the two dates, alas, being much too near together—he died. We are glad that this has been done, as it will point out to many visitors a building very interesting from its associations, which otherwise they would have passed unthinkingly; and it will not take anything from the strength of the beer or from the flavour of the tobacco of the casual customer, to speculate how often the feet of little Henry tottered across the floors in his younger days."

The eleventh anniversary dinner of the Crosby-hall Evening Classes Association took place on Wednesday evening last at Willis's Rooms, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge presiding. The principal feature of this institution is the opportunity it affords to those young men who are engaged throughout the day in various offices and establishments, of improving themselves in the many branches of information during those hours when, if left to themselves, they are thrown upon the temptations of the town. It is satisfactory to learn that it has been altogether successful in attaining the object proposed, and alluring vast numbers of young men to devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. Many of these have distinguished themselves in the different competitive examinations at Oxford, the Society of Arts, and elsewhere. The terms are exceedingly moderate, thus bringing the advantages offered within the power of those pos-

sessing very moderate means. The subjects taught include all the ordinary branches of education, especially the modern languages, which appears to be the favourite study. During the eleven years of its existence the institution has numbered an average of 700 members, gradually rising from 200 to 900, and the annual income from the members has increased from 83*l.* the first year, to nearly 700*l.* Notwithstanding this acknowledged success as an educational institution, unfortunately the expenses exceeded the income until a large debt was incurred. By great exertion this was paid off last year, and a sum of 500*l.* laid by. But even this sum has been compulsorily encroached upon, leaving now barely 300*l.* An appeal is now made to uphold these evening classes; if not supported, as they assuredly ought to be, their suspension would be felt as a serious calamity. It is to be hoped, then, that the public of this country, which for such occasions is never appealed to in vain, will come forward to assist in placing this institution on a permanent basis. A collection was made at the dinner, the Duke of Cambridge heading the list with a donation of 20*l.* There is a reading-room attached to these classes, and library containing about 3,000 volumes, and lectures are delivered periodically. The evening's entertainment was diversified with music, of which we may notice the excellent playing of Mr. Percival Watts on the concertina.

The *Scotsman* announces that the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a venerable and respected Conservative journal, died, or became absorbed, on Tuesday week, after a life of nearly ninety-five years. The lowering of price is operating with fatal effect throughout the whole of the Scotch press.

The reading-room of the Literary Society in the Via Dolorosa, Jerusalem, was opened to the public on the 1st of March. It is supplied with British, American, French, German, and Arabic newspapers and periodicals. It has also a library containing above 1,600 volumes. The open evenings are Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, from seven to nine. Admission to lectures and reading-room free. The lectures are delivered fortnightly, on Tuesday evenings.

## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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A Good Time Coming, by the Author of "Mathew Paxton," 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*l.* 6*d.* cloth  
Annual of Scientific Discovery, 1859, edited by Wells, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth  
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Munchausen's Travels and Adventures, illustrated by Crowquill, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth  
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